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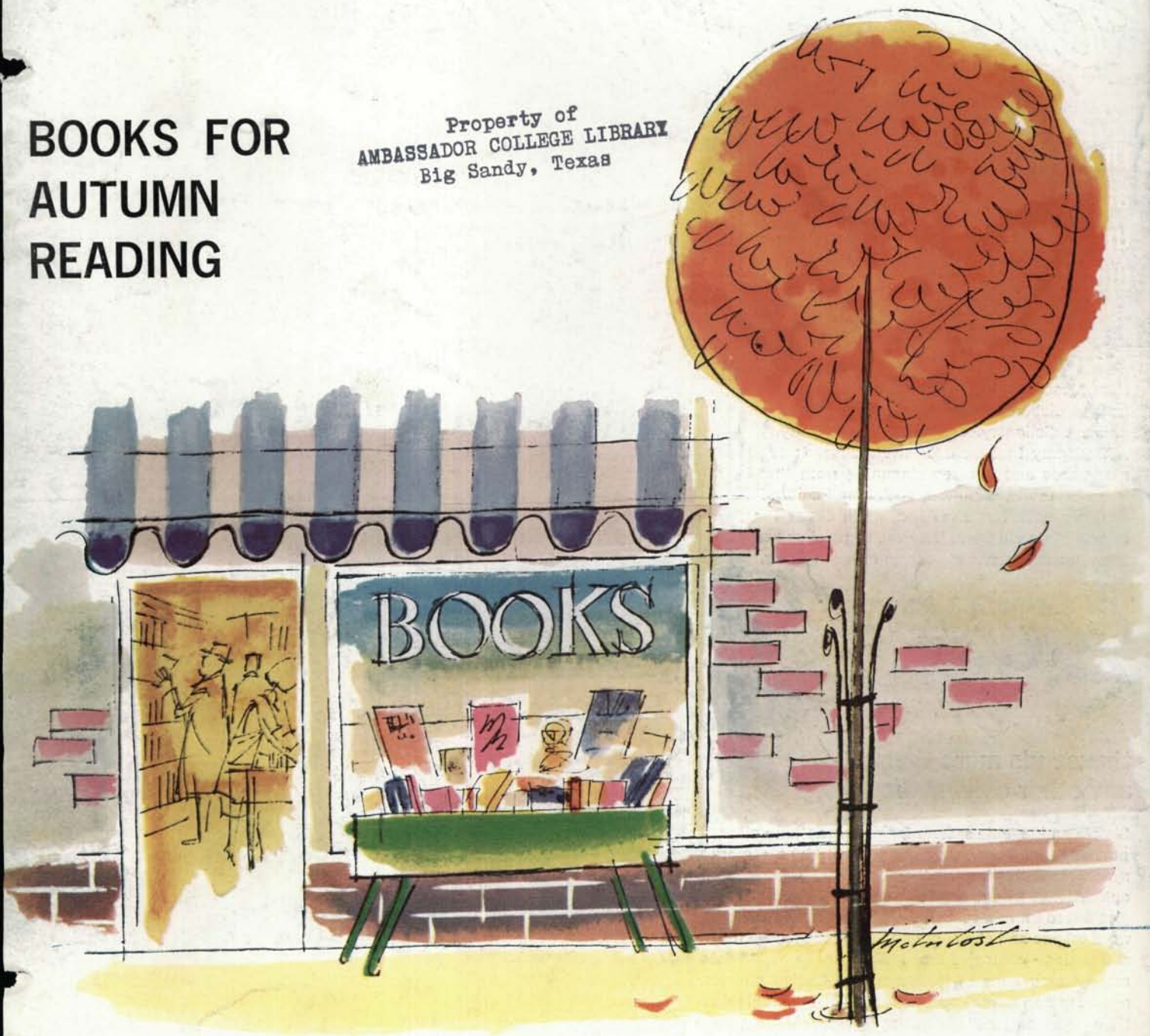

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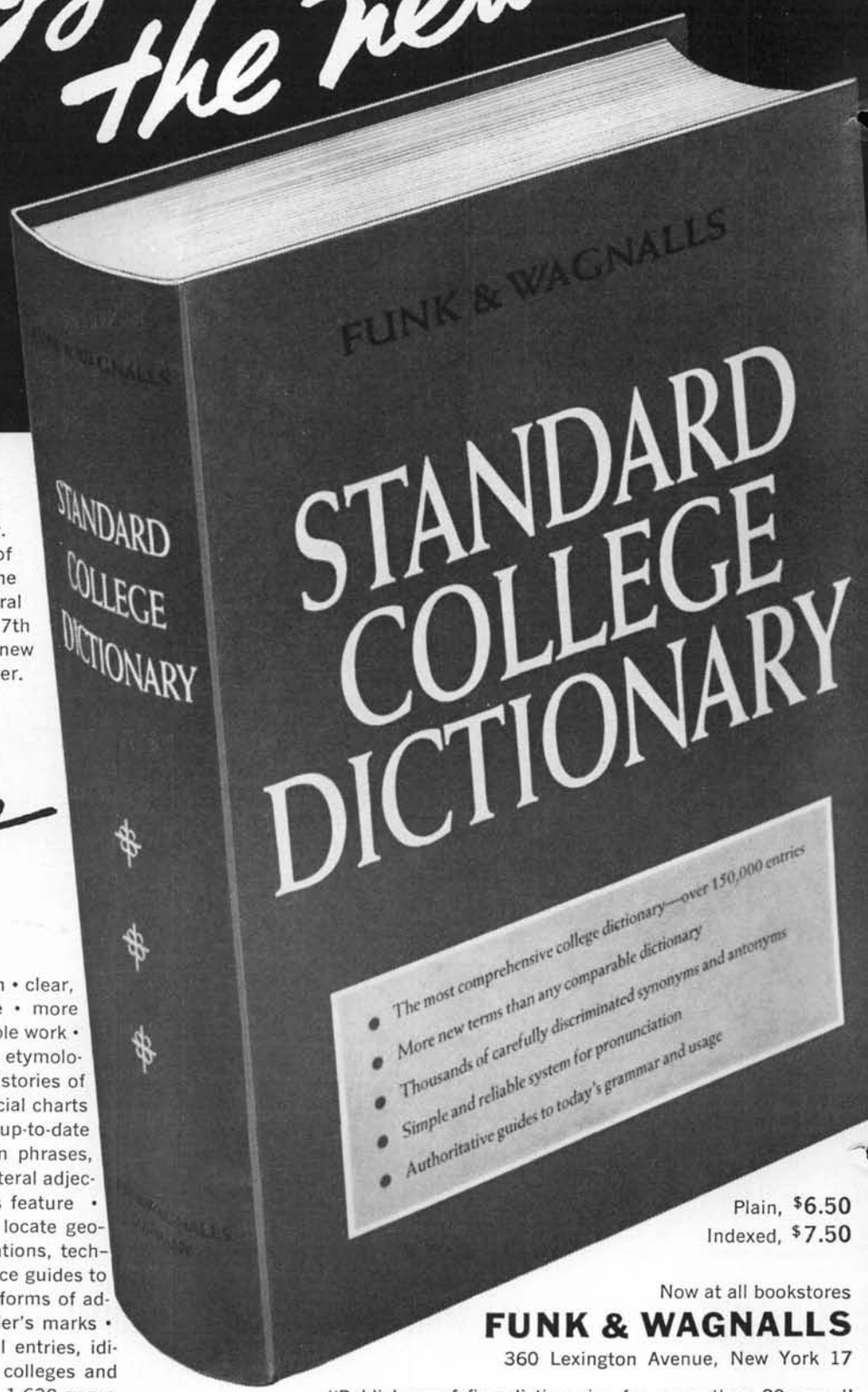
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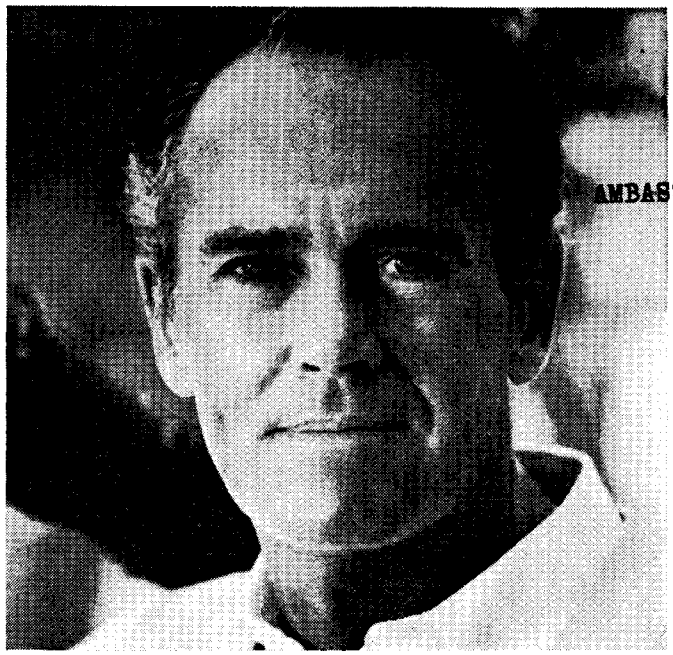

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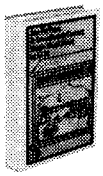

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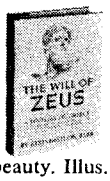

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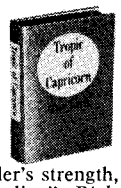

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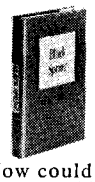

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With the resources of modern research, I could find out, I'm sure, how many readers of this magazine (1) live beyond their means, (2) work in some off-white-collar job, (3) would love nothing more than a guaranteed escape from their private rat race.

There's no need to check, really, because this deep-seated *malaise* seems to be the distinctive disease of our time. As a generalized ailment, it's difficult to describe, but a new novel, entitled "The Aging Boy," pinpoints the sickness in terms of a middle-aged West Coast stockbroker who dives from apparent security to the bottom of a social chasm in about 24 hours.

If there weren't any more to the book than that, it wouldn't truly be worth discussion, at least not in the limited space of a column like this. What's important, to my mind, is that Julian Claman, the author of "The Aging Boy," combines his touch for timeliness with a first-class talent as a writer.

Claman's hero, Andrew Keogh, is the literate protagonist who's all too rare these days—the fictional man who must continue existing in order to explain himself. His amazing yet believable Odyssey could only happen in the America of today, and when it's done, the reader doesn't pity Keogh for what he's been through. If there's any pity, it's on the other side, because Keogh's wild adventure is really the making of him.

One final note: the first sentence of "The Aging Boy" will, I'm positive, pull you almost physically into the book. If it doesn't, I would honestly be interested in knowing why not.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Aging Boy" ($4.95), by Julian Claman, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., and is available at your local bookseller or at any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 310 North 8th Street, St. Louis 1, Mo.

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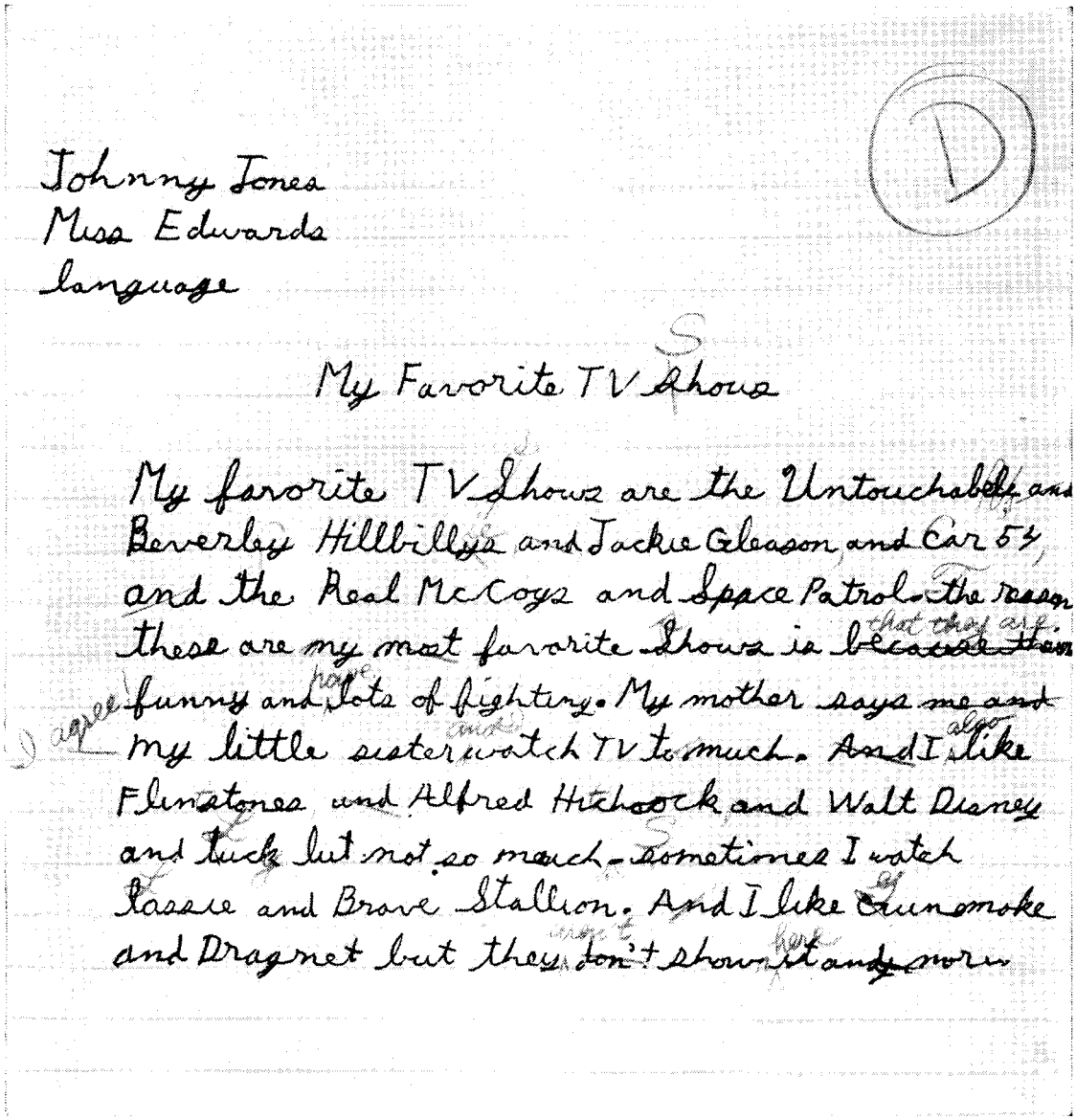

Johnny Jones
Miss Edwards
language

D

My Favorite TV Shows

My favorite TV Shows are the Untouchables and Beverley Hillbillys and Jackie Gleason and Car 54, and the Real McCoys and Space Patrol. The reason these are my most favorite Shows is because that they are funny and lots of fighting. My mother says me and my little sister watch TV to much. And I like Flintstones and Alfred Hitchcock and Walt Disney and Buck but not so much. Sometimes I watch Lassie and Brave Stallion. And I like Gunsmoke and Dragnet but they don't show it and more

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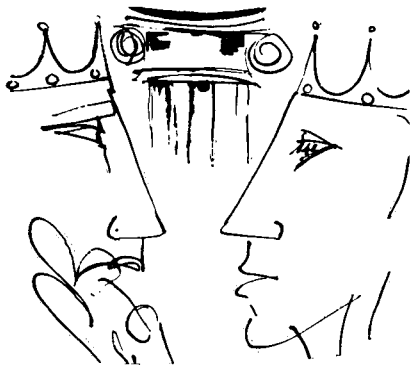

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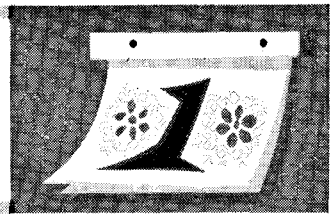

By CLEVELAND AMORY

SEPTEMBER was the song of Birmingham and Gamble Benedict, of Buddhists in Viet Nam and the Cardinals in St. Louis, of Osuna and Bueno, and of *cinco* little Prietos and five little Fischers. And, if it was the month of Ngomanship, it was also the month when no Nhus was good news.

• • •

Actually, the news of the month began with The March. Our favorite statistic was compiled by Ben Gilbert of the Washington *Post*. "A total of 1,956 special press passes were issued," he reported. "This was in addition to approximately 1,200 regular Washington press passes." These days, it seems, the press alone could make a pretty fair crisis all by itself. And, in this connection, we noted in the *Columbia Journalism Review* the statement of T. Eugene Connor, until recently Birmingham Commissioner of Public Safety, Health, Education, and Welfare. "The trouble with this country," he said, "is communism, socialism, and journalism."

• • •

In Birmingham there was little Public Safety, Health, Education, or Welfare. The murder of the four girls in church provoked justifiable outbursts from all directions, including a memorable one by James Wechsler discussing the "total failure" of the FBI to date, and in particular calling attention to the FBI's "inexcusable" laxity in infiltrating the Citizens Councils, the Ku Klux Klan, and other racist organizations. For ourselves, we have been equally concerned with the Administration's failure—and the appointments, to deal with the situation, of ex-Army Secretary Royall and ex-West Point coach Earl Blaik hardly seemed an adequate answer. After all, an Administration that could, in a matter of hours, bring the entire steel industry to its knees would seem, after two long years, to have some powers somewhere when it came to one Governor.

• • •

On the sports front, professional football was back, front and center, before baseball was even over—thus indicating that the sport had indeed become, as Robert Smith makes clear in his new book *Pro Football*, the nation's No. 1. One help was, of course, television; more and more people are discovering that watching pro football is somewhat more thrilling (even on a TV screen, and even if you have to drive fifty miles to a motel to see it) than wondering whether the Yankees will win by twelve games or fifteen. And speaking of the unspeakable, the interview of the month was the one with the manager of the team that has made a mockery out of what's left of the baseball business. "It was a tough fight," Houk said, "all the way." Honestly, that's what the man said. And to hear him tell it, he never gave up—not even when he was only ten games ahead (without Mantle and Maris, mind you) and operating, apparently, on sheer, raw nerve alone.

• • •

The strangest story of the month was the Southampton debutante party of Miss (and later missing) Fernanda Wanamaker Wetherill. And it soon turned out that the aftermathematics of the after-ball twist party wasn't by any means the real story—despite the breaking of 1,634 out of a possible 1,640 windows. The real story was one of morals. "The first thing broken," Southampton Police Chief Donald Finlay told us, "was an upstairs bed which contained one debutante and five debutante escorts." And the mattresses were thrown out on the beach, it turned out, not for nothing, but for a definite purpose. "It's a general deterioration of morals and values and codes and a whole new way of living," Chief Finlay told us. "It's disgusting. The worst of it is that police departments everywhere are getting conditioned to outright defiance of the law on the part of the very people who, of all people, should know better."

• • •

From the other side of the fence came, via Milburn Akers, the quote of the month by, of all other people, Hugh Hefner of the *Playboy* empire:

> Modern American morality is an amalgamation of the superstitious paganism and masochistic asceticism of early Christianity; the sexual anxieties, feelings of guilt and shame, witch-hunting sadism and sex repression of the medieval church; the desexualized courtly love of the troubadours; England's Romantic Age, wherein love was presumed to conquer all; and the prohibitively strict, severe, joyless, authoritarian, unresponsive,

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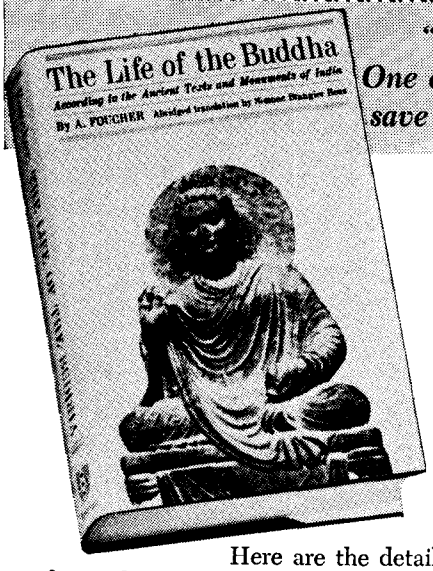

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BALANCING THE BOOKS: *The Twenty Third Psalm*, by Alan Simpson and Robert A. Baker (from Mr. Baker's *A Stress Analysis of A Strapless Evening Gown*):

The Lord is my external-internal integrative mechanism,
I shall not be deprived of gratification for my viscerogenic hungers or my need-dispositions.
He motivates me to orient myself towards a non-social object with affective significance,
He positions me in a non-decisional situation,
He maximizes my adjustment.
Although I entertain masochistic and self-destructive id impulses, I will maintain contact with reality for my superego is dominant.

Catullus, LXX

By John Frederick Nims

WELL, Catullus, so you knew;
Raged: *What these women coo*

To their lovers, write in air;
Find a sea, and write there.

Once I had a girl burned
In my ear words she learned

Maybe in a book, or heard
On the loose street slurred.

Tried to write it—one stroke
Saw the sheet cringe in smoke.

Wrote it on the air instead:
Singing birds fell down dead.

Wrote it on the running wave;
Saw the sea fishes' grave.

Am I better, Roman, I,
Breathing the diseased sky?

Drinking in what sea I drink,
From the love-corrupted sink?

Roman, no. A better way:
What the pretty lips say,

If you dangle in that mesh,
Take a knife and score flesh;

Leave a scar fingers find
When the long nights grind;

Write it where, if you forget
Grief and shame will prick yet.

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New Moon

Edited by Martin Levin

A GENTLE PRESSURE

("The truly delicious flavor of Bartletts is obtained only when they are fully ripe, i.e., when they approach a golden yellow and yield to gentle pressure. Highest quality and fastest ripening are secured when they are ripened in a cool (but not cold) place. Keep them together because Bartletts give off gases which aid each other in completing the ripening process."—Note printed on fruit wrapper from California.)

An unripe pear that stands alone
Though cool in sun and freshened air,
May gently wither, while its heart
Will softly dampen in despair.

Yet standing with a pear companion
In mutually harmonious vapor,
A Bartlett yields to gentle pressure
And gratefully returns the favor.

Who yearns for highest quality
This moral may embolden:
It's love that ripens man and fruit
And turns the world all golden.

—Bernard Elevitch.

• • •

THE CHINESE LAUNDRY TORTURE

SOME time back I took the usual weekly bundle to my local Chinese laundry, only to make the disquieting discovery that an enigmatic, dark-haired, ageless stranger by the name of Sam Wip had bought out my old friend, Ben Yuk.

Since it had taken me, when I first moved into the neighborhood, a number of painful months to acquaint Ben with the manner in which I preferred my shirts, something I have always been most particular about, I did not look with favor on the new proprietor, whose presence foreshadowed another tortuous path of tight-lipped training, disappointment, and frustration toward the seemingly impossible.

Imagine my pleasant surprise when with the most profound understanding he informed me that he was well aware of my problem and would do everything in his power to help.

The following week I found my cuffs and collars that perfect meeting of soft comfort and crisp body that I had learned to love. As I adjusted my tie around the collar of my white, 2x2, Imported Pima, which I had purchased at Saks, I noticed a small black spot just under the pocket.

"Well," I told myself, "accidents can happen to anyone. We'll give this fellow a chance."

I wore my gray striped broadcloth instead, and decided to drop off the Pima on my way to the office.

Sam greeted me with a wide smile, which he maintained throughout our short conversation.

"You wear vest?" he asked.

At this I began to grow a bit disenchanted with my new friend, but I said nothing and left the shirt, hopefully.

It came back with the spot a few shades lighter. It would, I told myself this time, be all right under my vest. As I fastened my right cuff, however, I discovered a shapeless, muddy stain there. It was late and I didn't take the time to change. Besides, I thought, I would cuff up my sleeves a couple of times once I got to the office.

"They eat candy at laundry," said Sam the next day, still smiling. "And forget to wash hands." He'd see what he could do.

This time the stain was traded for a neatly sewn, small diagonal rip at the second buttonhole. To Sam's next question I admitted I never wore bow ties.

"Then everything OK," he grinned. "Nobody see."

"I'll see," I said.

He shook his inscrutable head and went on smiling.

When the shirt came back *blue* I drew the line.

"Do you know how much this shirt cost?" I asked, sardonically. "*Ten Dollars!*" I added, answering myself.

"You buy on sale?" Sam asked.

"What's that got to do with it?" I replied.

"Blue very nice," he said.

"I want my white shirt!" I shouted.

"Expensive shirt make you unhappy," he said.

"You're the one making me unhappy," I said.

"Shirt you can afford never make you unhappy."

"I can afford the ten dollars," I lied.

"Then why you get mad?" he asked.

"Your job is to do the shirts right!" I said. "Not give me advice."

"Shirt too expensive. Make laundry man nervous. You buy cheap shirt. Get good job."

So I went out and bought four shirts, and paid less than ten dollars for the lot. And you know, he hasn't gotten a mark on them!

—Elliott Ira Joseph.

• • •

RACING FOR THE MOON

"What American wants to go to bed by the light of a Communist moon?" —Vice President Lyndon Johnson.

I MOST certainly don't. As a loyal American I have, of course, given much thought to the possibility of the Soviets beating us to the moon, and I have conceived of a plan completely workable and wholly within our present capabilities in space.

My proposal is this: that we mount a giant aerosol paint-spray can on a suitable rocket, programming it to orbit around the moon as close as possible. Should we learn that the Soviets had landed a man on the moon, we could within minutes send a signal that would start spraying the moon with a flat, non-reflective, charcoal-black paint. Within a matter of a few hours the moon would be blotted out from the sky and Americans could go to their beds in complete security. And then, when we had landed our own astronauts and driven off the Russians, we would simply spray the moon with a paint remover. Or we might cover it with those minute, reflective, glass beads used on drive-in and home-movie screens, thus bringing to the world the *new improved* moon, brighter and more sparkling than ever.

The plan is not one that the Soviets could use against us; reliable students of the Russian scene assure us that we are ten to twenty years ahead of them in the development of aerosol cans. We are certain to have men in substantial numbers on the moon long before they have a spray can capable of covering even a suburb of Minsk. An acquaintance of mine, recently returned from a visit to Moscow, reports that he couldn't find an aerosol spray can in all that city. (Not even one for hair spray, which shows how much real concern they have for the basic needs of the female sex—in spite of all their talk since having sent a woman into space.) We have known for years that the Communists have been neglecting the production of essential consumer products for the sake of outer-space explorations. This is an error in state planning for which they can expect to pay dearly.

—Russell Newman.

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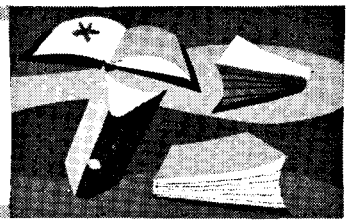

WHATEVER MARY McCARTHY says about the passions of the graduates of Vassar in her new best-seller, *The Group*, there is one you can be absolutely sure of: the passion for anonymity. We talked to exactly nineteen Vassar alumnae, of various classes, to find out just what impression Miss McCarthy's book had made on them as it climbed swiftly on the best-seller lists. Each preferred to be quoted anonymously.

There is no official reaction from the college itself. The news office is not going to get in the middle of any controversy about the book, and probably wisely so. The only report we were able to get from this office is that reactions were widely varied. The co-op bookstore on campus, just at the moment the semester was beginning, reported that the book had not yet become a runaway, even though alumnae had ordered some fifty copies by mail. Ironically, the first shipment of the book to the store was lost in transit.

SOME TIME AGO, a reviewer noted that every time Mary McCarthy began to develop a real character in her books, she'd thrash it to death with her Vassar diploma. One alumna told us: "Now she's thrashing her fellow Vassarites with everything from bidets to her own belligerencies. I find that Miss McCarthy seems bitterly resolved not to let a Vassar diploma stand between her and success."

And success seems in the wind. The book passed the 50,000 mark almost as soon as the binder's stitches were cut. To accomplish this, the usually polished Miss McCarthy seems to have resorted to some phrases directly out of the Bobbsey Twin books: " 'Where did you get this *man*?' the girls cried, in unison."

Another alumna, probing for reasons for the heavy bookstall reception of the book said: "It's too sexy for words—better than a birth control pamphlet."

OUR RESEARCH seems to establish the fact that Vassar alumnae, as a group, were not rushing out to buy the book with the speed of unleashed beagles. Only five out of the nineteen we talked with had read the book. Only two of the five had plunked down the $5.95 plus tax needed to take the book home from the bookstore. "I hear the sex bits are strictly Mary's," one alumna told us (she had gone to Vassar just after Miss McCarthy had graduated). "But the thing that bothers me is that she seems to have cut up various people like kid's picture puzzles, and pasted the head of one on the body of another —that sort of thing. Doesn't seem to make for good characterization."

Practically every respondent, as they say in scientific surveys, had read several reviews of the book. "I'm going to *have* to read it," one anonymous graduate said. "I'm intrigued by the reviews, and a lot of my friends are talking about it. I never really had a 'group' myself. But a classmate of mine told me, '*Our* group was entirely different. We're busy doing good work.' "

A MOTHER OF A VASSAR SENIOR summed up her reaction rather succinctly: "It's perfectly *horrible*. Don't read it!"

Another ex-Vassarite told us: "Oh, dear. I'm about halfway through, and I think my group was quite different. But I'm intrigued, even though I wouldn't exactly put it in my children's hands. Lord knows, it must have *something*. A friend of mine took it out from the lending library, and so many friends have borrowed it from her that she hasn't been able to return it yet. My hairdresser told me that the copy I was reading was the fifth one she'd seen that morning. But I hope people aren't all going to think we're like *that*. And why is it that Vassar always seems to get muckraked?"

THE LATTER SENTIMENT seems to be echoed by a number of our volunteer Vassar respondents. Said one: "Vassar girls seem to be fair game—all through the years. Remember the story about the girl who turned wrong, became very successful at the oldest profession, and was asked by a client how she happened to fall into this way of life, especially with a Vassar diploma on the wall? Her answer, 'Just lucky, I guess,' seems to have started the whole thing."

And it wasn't too many generations

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ago that the gag went around: Did you go to Vassar, or were you kicked by a horse? What's more, we discovered that another book took its digs at the Vassar type, under the title *Consider the Daisies.*

Said another anonymous donor to our survey: "I'll tell you why we want to remain anonymous—it's part of our whole mystique. I get a little irked at being typed a Vassar woman. I like to think we're individuals. I liked the college, I learned a lot, my 'group' is disgustingly normal and healthy, and I can't understand what all the fuss is about. But how come it doesn't happen to Wellesley?"

OTHER COMMENTS indicate that the inside word is: Read Chapter II for kicks, and throw the rest of the book away; *it's one of the most boring books* you can read; it's glib and flashy and

without depth; it's wild and ridiculous; it's admirable that a Vassar girl can bare her soul this way; it tries to project the prototype of an image that simply doesn't exist; the confessions of somebody not of too much importance are dull; it's tedious, heavy, obsessive.

Whatever the over-all reaction, the book promises to make a very persuasive writer better known to the public at large. For a long time, Miss McCarthy has been writing sharp, penetrating, and sometimes illuminating fiction. Her odd mixture of sophistication and naïveté has often worked against her, and perhaps she's a little startled by all the attention at this stage of the game.

Not long ago a list of 100 illustrious alumnae was compiled, out of Vassar's 20,000 graduates. For whatever it's worth in terms of Vassar's self-image, Miss McCarthy's name was not among them. —JOHN G. FULLER.

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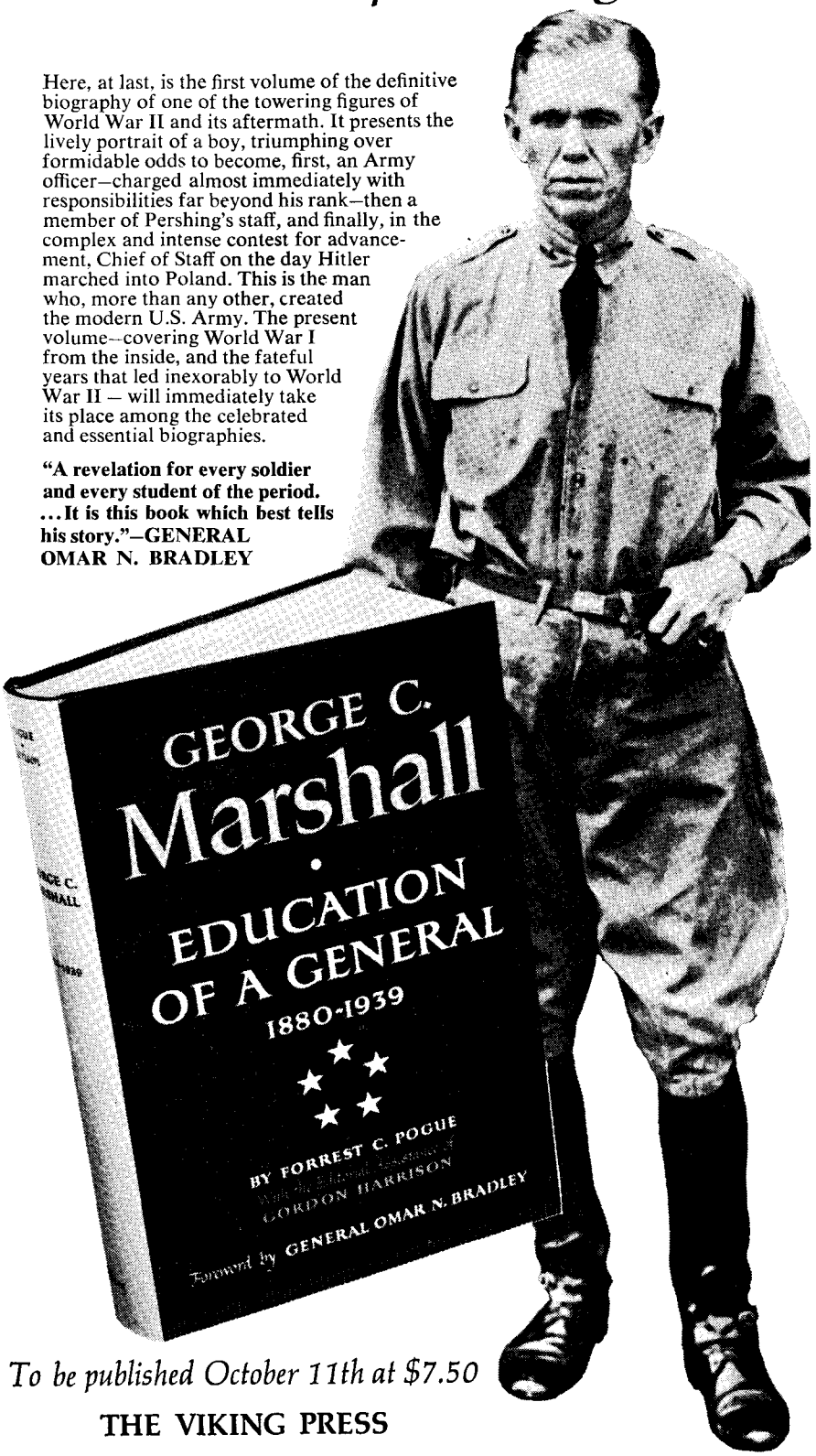

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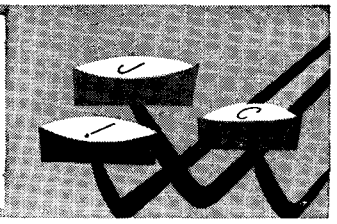

SUMMER FESTIVALS—I: Summer in New York is the time when the side-street hotels—or at least some of them—break out the flag of hope that announces to all the world that "New York is a Summer Festival." There it hangs from the hotel's second- or third-story staff (rent for air-space paid to the City of New York), dry as a still-clinging November leaf, its message of hope drooping illegibly from the tilted staff until the draft from a nearby air-conditioner half spreads it for a half-instant on the drowned air upon which its message of hope flickers and disappears, its promise of glorious games to be played as uncertain as the hotel manager's hope that someone with games in mind might be tempted to book at least room and bath in one of the tiers of his unbreathable bricked-in air.

The fact of my experience is that New York is more nearly summer's Festerville, and that the one way to get to what New York is supposed to be offering is to leave town. And that is exactly what I did, leaving in mid-June for my own festival tour that began in Milwaukee, paused briefly at Chautauqua, returned to New York for a few days, and then sped gaily north for my annual two weeks at Bread Loaf Writers' Conference — a gourmet's tour, as the menu will attest.

My first month was spent in Milwaukee, and because the Manhattan provincial may think of that as a strange place for festivals, let me explain that what used to be Milwaukee Teacher's College is now the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. There is still a University of Wisconsin-Madison and the plan, as I gather it, is to concentrate the graduate work bit by bit in Madison while developing Milwaukee as the undergraduate center.

For graduate students, undergraduates, alumni, neighbors, and all comers, the U. of W.-Milwaukee has been putting together an annual month-long summer arts festival under the direction of Dean A. A. Suppan, and in my experience no one does it better.

Dean Suppan builds his program around four four-week courses conducted by visiting firemen. On this year's hook-and-ladder, *SR*'s Katharine Kuh short-coursed in the fine arts, Ruth Currier in the dance, Robert Whitney, conductor of the Louisville Symphony, in music, and I in modern poetry. To this visiting hose-company add the New York String Quartet, the New York Woodwind Quintet, and Frank Glazer, pianist — all in residence for six weeks; Warren Enters, on hand to direct the first American production of René Jean Clot's *The Revelation,* and Leon Fleisher, guest-appearing with the Milwaukee Symphony under the direction of Robert Whitney.

Having assembled his talent, moreover, Dean Suppan has shown a fine sense of how to use it. This year, each of the teaching visitors gave his course early in the morning (alas those birdie hours!) *in order to clear the schedule* for a late-morning session three days a week. The day before her evening dance recital, for example, Ruth Currier gave a lecture demonstration in which she discussed her principles of choreography and sketched out the major movements of the dances her company would perform. I found myself thinking that there simply can be no better way to go to a dance recital—short, that is, of hanging around the rehearsals for days before a performance.

The recital included a dance suite performed to one of Bartok's quartets, and during the performance the Bartok was played by the New York String Quartet. Perhaps some of you are used to recitals in which a distinguished company dances to the accompaniment of a great string quartet, but for me it was a first time. And try to buy a ticket for *that* in New York.

YOU might also try to buy a ticket in New York—for the morning seminar demonstrations by the quartet and quintet, sessions along the lines of Miss Currier's, in which the musicians discussed and demonstrated everything from the structure of the Bartok quartets to the nature and history of the woodwind quintet. And all by musicians who were not only scholarly and superb performers but who could actually *talk.* I should have thought you had to be a prince with a castle in Salzburg before you could assemble that sort of session.

Luckily, you *can* buy a ticket in New York for René Jean Clot's *The Revelation*—or you will be able to when it opens (soon) off Broadway. Warren Enters, director, and Caroline Swann,

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English adaptor, brought it to Milwaukee for a tryout with a local amateur company, and despite its amateur cast and a too brief rehearsal schedule it reached me not only as a powerful play on stage but as a powerful human conception in retrospect.

The Revelation is a tightly conceived play set in a French home for delinquent girls. The home is supervised by an order of nuns. Inevitably, the nuns are torn between their holy vocation and their occupation as jailers, and just as inevitably the girls make a career of hating their overseers. Then, when one of the girls imagines she has had a vision of the Virgin Mary, not only good order but the professional pique of the nuns is at stake, for the sisters cannot help but feel it is a bit unfair of the Virgin to appear to one of those wretched girls when all of their holiness and devotion is available for such an honor. I am left eager to see it again when it opens in New York. And if you do not object to taking along your mind when you go to the theatre, let me urge you to see it. I have a feeling this play is going to lodge firmly in the repertory.

AND as a bonus side trip to my Milwaukee Festival, add one superb evening at the Hawk Hill Play House (straw hat) about an hour's drive out of Milwaukee. There, Eric Salmon with a grand cast of professionals and student professionals put together an evening featuring Ionesco's *Bald Soprano*, Albee's *The American Dream*, and Simpson's *The Resounding Tinkle*—three happy and happily entertaining ventures into the absurd.

Simpson, an English playwright, was the new quantity to me, and a thoughtfully frisky one. His basic formula, as I sense it, is to reduce lives to their basic clichés, and then to apply those clichés to fantastic situations, all of which are accepted as commonplaces by his characters. The formula is simple enough, but Simpson has the touch that brings it to rollicking insights.

And lest I forget, as I must not forget, let me add that Katharine Kuh turned out to be the sort of speaker who has the audience on marionette wires. I suppose I should have known that, but the fact is I had only met her once before when we both happened to be in the office at the same time. I shall hope we coincide more often, though I suppose there is nothing like traveling a thousand miles in order to get to know your own family.

And let that be enough festival for this week. More in our next.

—JOHN CIARDI.

Like his brother Bill, John Faulkner was a writer; in this, his last book, he reveals the life behind the legend of William Faulkner . . . and paints a nostalgic picture of a vanished Southern way of life, in the towns and farmland that were to become Yoknapatawpha County.

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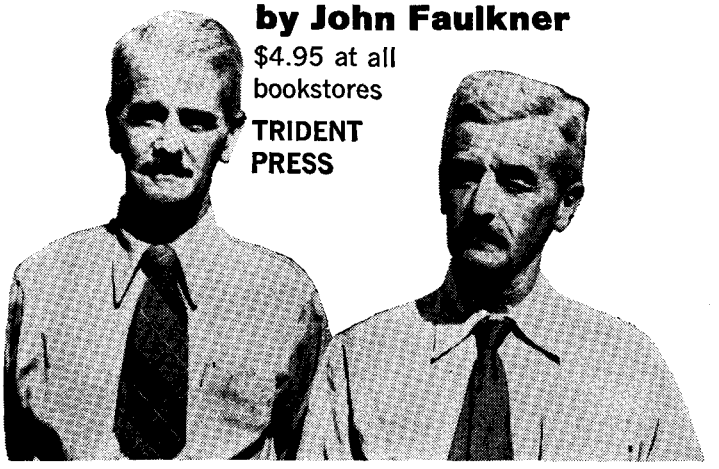

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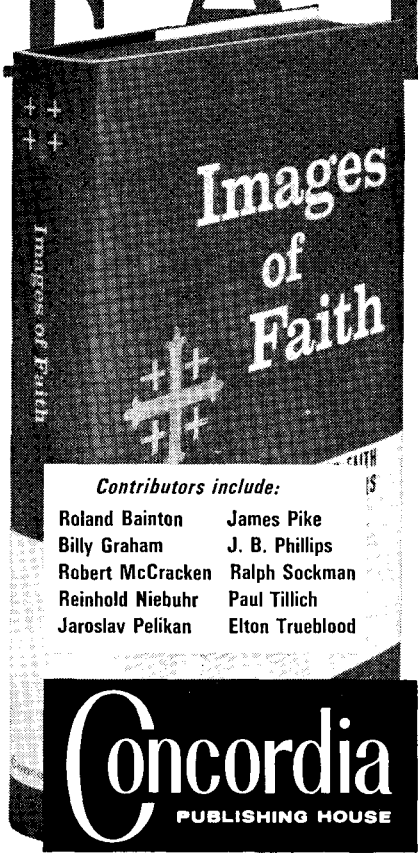

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Observations from the Dolphin's Back

Names are the news on this page. For the first a name that has reaped yards of speculation in the public press. The authorship of **The McLandress Dimension** has been credited to a long and dazzling list of writers, even wildly attributed to members of this publishing staff. We have been told, however, that Epernay is a young journalist of Alsatian origins who has a Boswellian admiration for his subject. *With more than usual satisfaction, I present in these pages the first comprehensive account of the work of Dr. Herschel McLandress. As in the case of any towering scientific figure, there are differing views on McLandress. At the Harvard Faculty Club, the M.I.T. Faculty Club and even at the Cosmos Club, you will encounter both pro-McLandress factions and anti-McLandress factions. Some of the most trenchant debates in recent years at the Christmas meetings of the American Association for Psychometrics have been over McLandress and, above all, the McLandress conclusions.*

But one thing is not denied. McLandress is a unique figure in our time. Even his severest critics in the scientific world will concede this. "Something in the McLandress personality is different," a visiting Oxford scholar at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton observed not long ago. No one disagreed. Nor will any reader of this book disagree. From McLandress's automated State Department to his championship of the rich against the very rich his name should strike terror and pride all along the prestige horizons of Washington and the international zones of Hollywood, for this is the work of an insider. **The McLandress Dimension** by Mark Epernay - $3.75, liberally and memorably illustrated by James Stevenson.

One of the greatest names in the brief history of aviation is that of Sir Gordon Taylor, Australia's brilliant pioneer. His autobiography is eloquent proof that the upper air stimulates writers to an extra grace. *We were almost in the sea. I flung myself down on the cowl again and the motor came in with a booming roar. I could see the surface of the ocean skimming by a few feet below: then I buried my head from the torrent of air and waited for more height and a chance to transfer the rest of the oil in the suitcase. As I lay there jammed against the struts I felt a magnificent exhilaration and a reckless enjoyment of our success which made me want to stand up and laugh and shout at the roaring mass of air that tore at everything around me. In my mind I could see the pointer on the gauge rise up and the pressure of the strut against my ribs began to crush my body so that I began to feel that I could not hold on any longer. The ocean seemed to be moving faster: then faster, and sinking farther away. A strange ease and resignation came over me. Nothing seemed to matter. It was all some fantasy in a strange retreating background from which I was floating away.* That is what it is like to crawl along a wing to fuel an oil tank in mid-flight. **The Sky Beyond** by Sir Gordon Taylor - $5.95, illustrated with photographs.

And a name that still gets a bad press in the U.S.A. — *Unfortunately George III was as unlucky in his heredity as in his environment. Neither George II nor his Queen, Caroline, was devoid of character or without some gifts above the commonplace. Her intelligence and his memory were unusual in monarchs, and their hatred of their son was tinged with genuine disappointment. Frederick, George III's father, was known to posterity as Poor Fred, and the epithet was not unjust. He possessed a small talent for music, a mild interest in games, particularly cricket, and little else. The unsympathetic Lord Shelburne described his life as a tissue of childishness and falsehood; and his friends as well as his enemies despised him.* Few historians of Dr. Plumb's immense learning write with such urbanity and percipience. Every page of this is a pleasure to read. **Men and Centuries** by J. H. Plumb. $6.00

A grand finale of names: a new edition of **U.S.A.** by John Dos Passos. Alfred Kazin said of it, "Technically, **U.S.A.** is one of the great achievements of the modern novel . . . (It) is a national epic, the first great national epic of its kind in the modern American novel." This is the only one-volume edition to contain the Reginald Marsh illustrations. $10.00

And coming November 12th one of the most exciting books of the year, the recreation by an intimate friend of the marriage of Dorothy Thompson and Sinclair Lewis — two people to whom words could be the deadliest of weapons. **Dorothy & Red** by Vincent Sheean, illustrated with many photographs from private collections. $6.95

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Saturday Review
October 5, 1963

POETS AND CRITICS: THE FORGOTTEN DIFFERENCE

By STEPHEN SPENDER

Surveying this generation's attitudes toward poetry and criticism, an English author who is noted for both argues that we have neglected an important distinction.

OUR AGE has witnessed a curious blurring of the boundary between poetry and criticism. This shift in the geography of letters has resulted in an erosion both of the function of poetry and of the function of criticism. And, while the reasons for it are clear enough, an antidote is perhaps less apparent. Yet an antidote must, I think, be found if the poet and the critic are to rediscover their proper roles.

A good deal has been written during the past thirty years about the role of the critic, and rather less about that of the poet making his poetry. On the whole the tendency has been to emphasize that the poet should be critically minded, if not a critic. We have been reminded by T. S. Eliot that when he is writing poetry the poet is, with part of his mind, a critic.

I think it is no exaggeration to say that the idea of the critic has recently become more and more merged into that of the poet. It is clear, of course, that critics write prose and that poets write verse, but if one were to ask what is the difference between the functions of criticism and the functions of poetry, it would be difficult to find an answer that distinguished them clearly, so much does criticism seem to have caught up with — if not overtaken — poetry. The view of criticism put forward by F. R. Leavis and his followers is that critics are not just writers who apply standards of judgment which they have derived from a body of traditional works to other works; they are the transmitters of those values. They read the chosen works of the Great Tradition which provide the lifeline between the healthier pattern of past living and the sickness of the present, and they analyze the qualities of past living communicated in those works. When they consider contemporary poetry (on the few occasions when they do so) they judge the living poet by his ability to communicate those very values which criticism appreciates. They condemn writing which derives from circumstances cut off from tradition. Thus a poet like Auden is attacked because the material of his poetry is considered to be unprecedented.

Another way in which the critical sense appears to exercise something like a stranglehold over the creative is that criticism has entangled poets in a kind of mythology of "the situation of the poet" in the modern world. For half a century at least, we have had thrust on us the picture of the poet living in a fragmented world of debased values, in which the patterns of traditional living have broken down and in which, because there are no shared beliefs, it is impossible to communicate.

Young poets start by envisaging themselves as lonely knights wandering across the wasteland of modern society. The poet has become to himself a figure in a mythology, a Theseus who has to go through the labyrinth of the industrialized society in order to slay the minotaur of specialization, and find his way back into the tradition, by means of the thread of poetry, which has been put into his hands by the critics. In order to make such a journey the poet is equipped with weapons which are themselves the products of critical consciousness: irony, closely studied mythology, symbols, a very consciously used technique.

I do not mean that I am against criticism. To a great extent the picture of the modern world in its relation to the past, as painted by critics, helps to define the situation of the modern poet, and is indeed inescapable. One need only travel in Latin American, Asian, and some European countries to realize how necessary it is to have a compass of critical consciousness in order to steer a way through the values of the past fragmented in the present. To take one example, in India an apparently unbridgeable chasm divided the traditional view of life from the modern, with the result that Indian artists appear to be confronted by a choice between two courses, each of them unsatisfactory: that of producing "traditional" art in the context of our

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modern world of shoddy commercialization or that of becoming hypnotized by the violence of modern Western art, without the protection of any critical apparatus which warns that the uncritically accepted Western example is bound to be destructive of the Eastern traditions.

The great contribution of modern criticism is that it has enabled us to relate the past tradition to modern circumstances. And revolution has been accomplished in our concept of the tradition itself. To be a traditional writer does not mean—as it did in the nineteenth century—to adopt the style and manners and subject matters of the past, but to understand past values and to relate them to modern life.

All the same, a great deal of creative energy has been put into criticism, and the critical and creative functions have become blurred. There was a moment—earlier in this century, with the revolution in poetry achieved by Eliot and Pound—when critical awareness of the kind of world they were living in stimulated creativity more than it added to the sum of criticism. But when this moment passed, the critical function tended more and more to absorb into itself the creative.

It seems to me, then, that it has become important to distinguish between what is creative and what is critical, to restate, in a word, the difference between poetry and criticism.

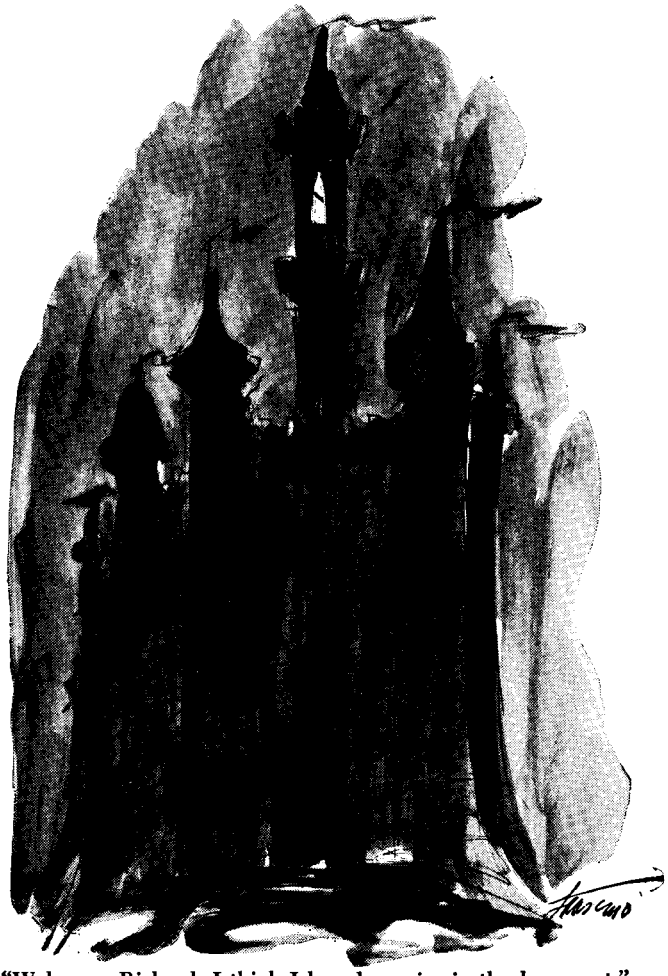
Poetry is, and always has been, particularly open to the danger of providing demonstrations of current critical views. The boundaries of form, the necessary concentration and brevity, the limited range of subject matter, of poems, make them peculiarly subject to analysis, and the fact that beyond what can be defined there is felt to be a poetic quality which is undefinable, adds excitement to the chase. Unlike novels and plays, poems contain little news or information about current manners and events. The novel, through its lack of defined form, the amount of information it contains, its involvement with news, escapes word-by-word contemporary criticism. Novelists are reviewed, not criticized, during their lifetime. A poet, even if he is not criticized—or even reviewed—is extremely conscious of current critical standards.

Previously, current criticism was concerned with form, subject matter, idiom. Poets were supposed to observe rules of prosody, to write about suitable poetic feelings and subjects, to use an approved currency of poetic idiom. For centuries, French poets could not escape the rules laid down by the academic critics. Keats was attacked for his rhymes, which were not like those of Pope, and for the attitudes he held, which were not those of a literary journalist like Lockhart (whose values were the social ones, translated into literary terms, of the aristocracy).

We may suppose that at any moment in the history of literature a poet finds himself in the situation where, however great his inspiration, intense his feelings, striking his experiences, he finds (though he may be unaware of this) that the time in which he lives sets certain limits on the forms and idioms available to him, even the subjects which he can express in his poetry. It may also be that when he starts to write, the current critical theories about poetry, as it were, take over from him and write with his pen. What he had thought of as his original inspiration provides only an occasion to produce a literary set piece already dictated by standards of correctness. This must have been the experience of French poets for hundreds of years until the romantic rebellion, and to a lesser degree it was the experience of the English romantics when they broke away from the Augustan style.

THERE has, I think, always been a tendency for critical aims to bear down on poetry more than any of the other arts, to demand of the poet that he illustrate critical dogmas. So that however great and admirable the achievement of modern criticism, one ought to reflect that there is something healthy about the antipathy of the creative mind for the critical. Today if one ventures to question the new criticism one is likely to be dismissed as a reactionary. Yet the list of poets who—whether or not they go out of their way to say so—do not like the critics is extensive. They include Robert Frost, E. E. Cummings, Robert Graves, and several others too cagey to state their views. T. S. Eliot—whose prose is often cited as though it were the justification of the important position of criticism—argues in his 1956 lecture *The Frontiers of Criticism*, that poetry cannot be *understood* by critical exegesis, but that criticism should lead to a door beyond which the reader is "left alone with the poetry."

One of the penalties of living in an "age of criticism" is that only that work is appreciated which the current critical apparatus can deal with. Other poetry seems odd, eccentric, like Sunday painting which charms but which no one can understand. Thus, during the eighteenth century, poets like Blake, or Smart, or Clare who violated the accepted modes of correctness



"Wake up, Richard. I think I heard a noise in the basement."

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seemed to contemporary critics—even to other poets—merely wild. What they wrote might excite but it did not fit into any category called poetry; it fell in a void where it might be heard but where nothing could be usefully said about it.

Today no critic looks to contemporary poets for heroic couplets, caesuras, anapaests, etc., but he does look for conscious use of influences, ideas which can be paraphrased into critical explanations, symbols, a wry use of myth or irony. What is required above all is a high degree of intellectual consciousness of a kind which the poet shares with the critic. The poet who supplies these with full critical awareness of what he is doing receives a corresponding quantity of critical comment. If he does not do this he is ignored, not out of malice, but simply because current criticism lacks the apparatus to say anything about poets who do not fit into their categories. Even a poet as admired "for the poetry" as Walter de la Mare has had very little written about him.

One might argue, then, that poetry, more than the other arts, has always been a battleground between the critics (the makers of rules about how it should be written and what it should appropriately say) and the poets (who want to say something that can only be expressed by breaking the rules and using new idioms). When we look back at the past, the folly of the rule-makers is evident. They should not have told Dante and Chaucer that the correct language for poetry was Latin and that it was wrong to write in the vernacular. And whether or not we like the romantics, we can see that there had to be a revolt against the Augustan idiom.

Today the rule-makers do not apply the dogmas so crudely. They do not lay down the law about form and technique. We are living in an age of scientific analysis, and their approach is more subtle. What they in effect say is that a poem is made up of analyzable components, like psychological complex, and that the poet must therefore produce a work which puts together these components—influences, sources, symbols, ambiguity, irony, etc.—and produce an object which can be analyzed according to the methods of criticism. The fourteenth-century orthodox poem was in Latin, the eighteenth-century one in heroic couplets. The mid-twentieth-century academic poem is a synthetic object, a plastic which looks exactly like real wood or stone, but made according to a formula which is the result of careful analysis of the components which go to make it up.

At this point, I must qualify what I have written here about criticism. At crucial moments in the history of literature there are, in reality, two kinds of criticism. One might call these orthodox criticism and creative anti-criticism. By anti-criticism, I mean the criticism of the creative who are defending their new work against the current orthodoxies. It would be too simple to say that Dante, the romantics, and the great writers of the present century simply represented creation against criticism. To defend their poetry they also put forward critical views of their own.

What seems important now is not just that poets should rebel against the idea of the critical leading to the synthetic poem, but that a critical anti-criticism should be formulated. Mere revolt against critical standards results in barbarity and boredom, like the poetry of the Beatniks which scarcely became fashionable before it lost its supporters by its lack of any standards.

Before everything else, a new "creative anti-criticism"—by which I mean the critical defense by poets of a poetry made independent of current orthodoxies—today would have to draw a boundary between the creative and the critical, for what threatens the creative in the current orthodoxy is the near-identification of criticism with creation, resulting in the synthetic poem.

THE main difference between criticism and creativity is, surely, that the critic is concerned with the precedented—that is with the literature which has arisen out of life already lived, communicating the values of that life. The creative stands, as it were, partly on the ground of the precedented and partly on that of the life which has not yet been written about in literature.

It is the business of the academic critic to choose and discuss the "great works" of the past and to recommend them to readers. The compulsion of the creative mind is primarily to feed on that experience and knowledge out of which it may create. This may include the most unorthodox experiences, the most diverse and unsuitable-seeming reading. Coleridge read every travel book he could lay hands on, quite apart from any literary merit. An example of the way in which the critic deals with precedent, the poet with the unprecedented, is that critics, while noting all the respectably traditionalist sources of Eliot, miss things like Sherlock Holmes, Sexton Blake, newspaper accounts of a murder which took place when the poet lived in Baker Street, and the rather trashy libretti of Wagner's *Ring*. But to write his poetry Eliot needed to derive from the trash as well as from Dante, Ovid, and the Elizabethans.

The *main* area of difference between criticism and creation is that the critic stands on precedented territory, the poet on unprecedented life which he imaginatively relates to the past. But the *deepest* difference is that criticism can be cooperative whereas poets are prisoners condemned to a life sentence of solitary confinement. The critic is, ideally, continually conscious of past tradition, and he applies this consciousness of the past, viewed as an organic

Four-Fourths

By Maggie Rennert

ARITHMETIC is saved. My little daughter, sparing with beliefs
beyond her eyes, came laden with a heresy:
Could the teacher's tales of fractions be devil's lore?
Drama smothers doubt, as all long churches know:
With a notebook page, I folded, tore, showed four fourths,
then jigsawed pieces back again to shape the whole.
Now, lost in thick sleep, she lies devout,
her silk-haired brow smoothed by my paper trick.
Four-fourths is one. She knows. She saw it.

Well, I never doubted it until I proved it. Now,
in the wheel of light at the dining-room table,
I sit among my alases, wondering what I have glibbed this time.
Shuffling the question with the debris of proof,
I see I have told, and been told, too many fairy stories;
nothing in the eye of night believes them,
for Truth grows up, and equals is not is.
—Child, my child, who should know this deeper than we two,
that what is torn grows edges, is separate forever?

Listen: Nothing is joined for being side by side, however touching.
All Ones are irretrievable, by law or prayer. And everyone always
sometimes cries of it.
This is all I really know, love—
what I said is only stuff I learned at school.

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whole, to individual works. Critics share a basis of discussion and of agreement with one another as a result of their having a shared consciousness of past works. For this reason criticism can become a cooperative undertaking, both in research and in the application of standards. There can be "movements" in criticism as new emphasis is put on selected works from the past to fulfil contemporary needs. All "movements," even when they are in art, are concerned with shifts in critical standards. There is no such thing as a genuine "movement" in poetry. There is only the influence of one poet, who can use a critical vocabulary to promote his views, on other poets.

Criticism proceeds, as I have suggested, from precedent to precedent, so that when critics discuss new work they necessarily have to consider it in the light of their already established standards. They are liable to make the mistakes for which in the past they have been notorious because it is difficult to measure the modifications introduced into traditional art by the presence within it of the material of unprecedented life.

The essential fact about the poet is that he is alone with his experience. He relates the new to the precedented but he does so by instinct and intuition, not by established rule. If a poet writes an image and then attempts to judge the truth of his own lines, he does so by asking himself, "Is this how I really saw or experienced it?" not by asking "Is this how some other writer whom I approve of would have described it?"

When a poet takes the plunge—or is plunged into—his experience, he hazards everything, including his capacity to realize it in his art. He submits himself to the same kind of test that the man of action undergoes when he takes part in some campaign. What is demanded of him by the action puts the qualities of his inmost being to the test.

One of the ideas which has been lost sight of in the past thirty years is that of originality. As a result of the reaction against the pursuit of originality at all costs by modernist extremists like Gertrude Stein, there has been a reaction against the idea that originality is in any way the concern of a poet. Poets have been pictured as writers using a specialized technique in order to carry out routine tasks of interpreting (for example) myths they have transformed into terms of modern life. But although it is a mistake for a poet to seek to be original, there is a sense in which he has to be original if he is to write poetry at all. He has to be true to the uniqueness of his own vision, he has—to use a word even less in favor than "original"—to be sincere.

Cinema: The Global Revolution

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Few aspects of contemporary culture are undergoing as rapid or as controversial an evolution as motion pictures. Even the most casual moviegoer can testify that the films he was seeing a decade ago are radically different in style and intent from those he sees today—and the same is frequently true even of the films of last year. In this issue two veteran observers of the cinema—Hollis Alpert, one of SR's regular critics, and Arthur Mayer, whose association with movies dates back to 1919—examine some related aspects of today's films and offer some predictions about tomorrow's.*

1. One Man's Festival

By HOLLIS ALPERT

TWENTY-ONE new feature films and thirty "shorts" from eleven countries were shown at the recent First Film Festival held at New York's Philharmonic Hall, which permitted its subdued elegance to be the scene for the formal introduction of movies into the conclave of performing arts. The officials had, perhaps, noticed that of the other buildings rising from the construction pits on all sides of Philharmonic Hall, none was dedicated to the movies. Chamber music, yes; ballet, yes; opera, yes; theatre, yes—but no building for the most contemporary and inclusive of all performing arts. The adherents of cinema will not have their Lincoln Center building, but each of the structures will be adaptable to film showing and, if I may review Philharmonic Hall, I will say that it made an excellent setting for a festival, and that its acoustics and seating were first-rate for movie viewing. Critics, who usually see movies in advance, in relatively cloistered surroundings, had few complaints, and Brendan Gill, of *The New Yorker*, went so far as to say he hoped the hall would be turned over to movies entirely, and that another would be built for Bernstein and his men.

I attended merely as a member of the audience, somewhat restricted in what I might eventually write, since reviewing in advance of commercial release was frowned upon. I watched other critics, however, and can report that their devotion to the festival was religious; they attended all twenty-one performances at Philharmonic Hall, and a good many of them also attended the ten showings of previously unreleased films at the Museum of Modern Art, the contribution of film curator Richard Griffith to the festival proceedings. Eugene Archer of the *New York Times* wrote a daily report that carefully avoided review-type opinion, but did assess audience reaction. Some of this reaction was applause, some was made up of boos and hisses, which gave Philharmonic Hall an authentic festival-like atmosphere. Boos and hisses, and also applause, are usually absent in theatre showings, but a festival would not be a festival without them.

Just how Mr. Archer made his count I have no way of knowing, for he is a deceptively sleepy-eyed chap, but if he were tapped to give a grand prize I have the feeling, from reading his comments, that *The Servant*, a film made in England by Joseph Losey from a Harold Pinter screenplay from a Robin Maugham novel, would have received it. In describing the film, he gave it more space than any other. Bosley Crowther of the *Times* gave occasional reports, and judiciously avoided "reviewing." But he admitted to being impressed by the large and enthusiastic turnouts (as I was, too) and only made one cautious critical comment—this to the effect that the quality was holding up well, although hardly "a film in the series has not cried out for more stringent editing."

This cry might more fittingly have come from critics, who sat through *all* the showings, whereas most of the audience was made up of people who had selected only two or three to see. The patience on the part of the audience was almost alarming, for, while everything shown made some pretention to being art, not too many of the products really made the grade. And, since New York has many "art film houses," it would have been easy to assemble a group of current films that would have compared favorably with what was being shown, with little pomp, but some circumstance, at Lincoln Center.

Yet, there is no question that the festival had a valid reason for being. It emphasized the profound interest in

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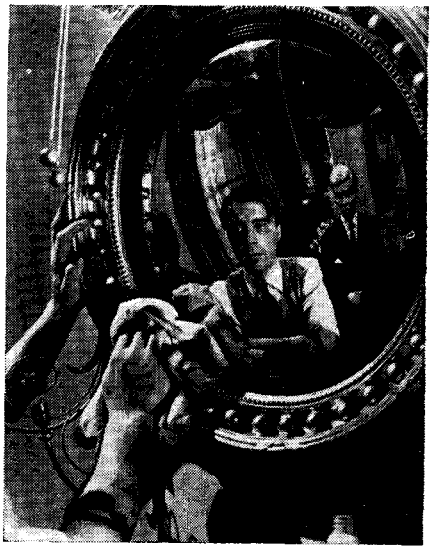
serious film-making all over the world; it gave public showing to a great many films, short and long, that might not otherwise have achieved theatre exhibition in this country; it introduced several new film-making talents; it demonstrated the wide range of current experimentation in film-making; and it permitted us to see the directions taken by the film-making units of communist and socialist countries.

It was interesting to note, for instance, that Hungary, with its *Love in the Suburbs*, is concerned with emotional problems among members of the managerial class. The audience was amused by the archaic sentiments expressed by a restless housewife who is unfaithful to her husband, a chief engineer, but there were nevertheless fascinating glimpses of life as it is lived by the wealthier members of that regimented country. Roman Polansky's *Knife in the Water* was a clever, extremely facile, near-melodrama of a triangular situation on a yachting outing, and impressed almost everyone with the cinematic ability of the young director. Poland's system for developing new filmic talents might well be worth examining by our own studios. It can be said, categorically, that we have no one in this country who, at Polansky's age, has so thorough a knowledge of technique.

Our own country came off very well, however, not through any of Hollywood's contributions, nor from the festering group of rebellious film-makers in New York who have appointed themselves our avant-garde, but from a Time Inc.-commissioned film, *The Chair*, made primarily for television showing. Using techniques developed by Robert Drew and Ricky Leacock, *The Chair* followed the efforts of a young Chicago lawyer to have the death sentence of Paul Crump commuted. Presented as a "short," it was actually close to feature length, and had a candidness and realism that was both absorbing and moving.

The fact that films such as *The Chair*, although eminently suitable for theatre showing, have little chance for theatrical release points up a sad lack in our exhibition system. The fact that *Point of Order*, a two-hour film made from the edited kinescopes of the McCarthy hearings, can so far be shown only at a museum demonstrates how valuable a festival can be. The exhibitors are prone to the showing of films that might get "a good review from Crowther," or have enough sexual content to attract the "fringe art house group." They exhibit what will sell, in other words, and rare is the theatre owner or foreign film distributor who

(*Continued on page* 67)



Festival Favorites—Above, choreographed swordplay in *Harakiri*, a Japanese film treating moral problems in an ancient setting; right, Dirk Bogarde in Joseph Losey's *The Servant*; below, a scene from one of the most haunting of the festival films, *In the Midst of Life*, adapted from the Ambrose Bierce stories.

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2. *The New Film Frontier*

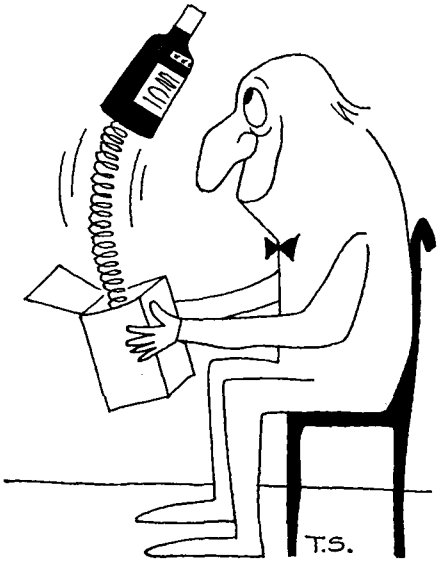
By ARTHUR MAYER

"NO ONE in his senses," said Sam Goldwyn when television antennas first began to disfigure the rooftops of the nation, "is going to pay to see bad pictures in a theatre when he and his family can see equally bad ones for nothing at home." In this fashion the old master predicted the improvement in movies that would have to result if the movie-makers were to overcome the threat that television posed to their craft. That improvement has, I believe, come—and it is the most dramatic and fruitful thing that has happened to the cinema since the pioneer days of Melies, Griffith, and Eisenstein.

Such conviction runs counter to that of many well-informed persons and others not so well informed or well intentioned. Executives of production companies such as 20th Century-Fox, which lost close to $40,000,000 in 1962, or those of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which was recently in the red for $12,000,000 in forty weeks, can scarcely be expected to wax enthusiastic over the blessings of TV. Exhibitors who have seen such landmarks as the Roxy demolished, and the Gems and Stars of Main Street shuttered, are equally unappreciative. Politicians such as New York State Assemblyman Luigi Murano endear themselves to their constituents with ringing statements that "films dealing with rape, perversion, premarital and extramarital relations, crime and delinquency now dominate the motion picture screen." And college professors like Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., moonlighting from his duties as a Presidential consultant to act as a movie critic for *Show* magazine, is under the impression that "the American film industry has been for some time in a state of demoralization and decay."

Nothing could be further from the truth. Well-operated film companies—Disney, Universal, United Artists, for instance—have for the past few years been rolling up the highest profits in their histories. Theatre receipts last year totaled $1,551,000,000 a figure only twice exceeded in motion picture annals. Possibly too many films concerning sex in its less alluring manifestations are being released (there are fewer about crime and delinquency than ever before), but practically all of them are adaptations of the most successful books and plays of our leading authors and dramatists and they surely do not "dominate" the screen. Finally, what Professor Schlesinger and other superficial observers mistake for "demoralization and decay" are the transition pains of a reawakening industry.

Never before have so many genuinely independent productions been in work or in preparation and never has financing for them been as readily available. Never before have so many young people been eager to make a career out of writing, directing, or producing movies or working as cameramen, editors, designers, or costumers. Never before has a competitive medium such as television been so well equipped to train these novices in the crafts of picture-making. Never before have we had major film companies prepared to finance films not primarily planned to make profits but to discover and to develop these new talents. Never before have censor boards been so restricted by the courts in seeking to ban subjects that challenged orthodox mores. Never before has the Code Authority of the picture industry or the Legion of Decency regarded adult themes so leniently—and by "adult themes" I don't mean those which deal exclusively with adultery and sexual perversion. Never before have we had patrons so avid to see the classics of the past or so receptive to the experimental and avant-garde productions that a gifted generation of film-makers is bringing to the screen. Never before have we had so deep an interest in the history of the cinema as an art and a manifestation of American life that a Hollywood Museum became a necessity and has aroused nationwide support and enthusiasm. And never before have we had so widespread an acceptance of imported films.



Actually, the only thing we self-styled experts know about audiences is that we do not know anything about them. For forty years I have been studying their behavior with the intensity of a promoter whose continued solvency is at stake. I am, however, as amazed as the next man by box-office receipts which indicate that, exclusive of reserved seat attractions, *Peyton Place* was the most popular film of 1958, that Disney's *Shaggy Dog* was top dog in 1959, that the leader in 1960 was *Operation Petticoat*, in 1961 *Touch of Mink*, and in 1962 *Lover Come Back*.

When I first saw *David and Lisa* I had sense enough to recognize it as first-rate entertainment, while it took little intelligence to know that *Advise and Consent* was third-rate. Nonetheless, if anyone had prophesied to me that the low-budgeted, unheralded product of two cinematic novices would outgross the veteran Otto Preminger's star-studded version of a best-selling novel, I would have said that she did not know what she was talking about. I say "she" because my most violent arguments about films are invariably with my wife.

Having thus produced incontrovertible credentials of my ignorance, let me proceed to write with the certainty and dogmatism that distinguishes the utterances of practically everyone who comments on the movies, from Judith Crist of the *Herald Tribune* to Mr. Dwight Macdonald of *Esquire*. When television first descended upon the American scene and screen half of our picture patrons promptly deserted the theatres, ready converts to a cheaper and more convenient way of wasting their time. Fortunately, this lost audience constituted the least discriminating element of the picture-going public, and they carried back with them to their living rooms (along with beer and pretzels to replace pop and popcorn) their demand for strictly escapist entertainment. The audience that remains, though nothing to cheer about, is a considerable improvement on anything that I have previously encountered in forty-five years as a theatre operator. It is still star-oriented, but no longer can glamorous personalities such as Sinatra, Cary Grant, and Sophia Loren lure it in to see a bad picture such as *The Pride and the Passion* in the fashion that Gable or Grable could in their prime—and for a considerable number of years thereafter.

Judging by the daily box-office reports (theatres pay for film on a basis of a percentage of their receipts and consequently these figures are never excessive although they may frequently be considerably understated), the intellectual standards and tastes of our pres-

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ent picture patrons do not differ materially from those prevalent on Broadway or Piccadilly. In recent years, however, they have fared considerably better than legitimate theatregoers (which is, of course, not saying very much). New York City movie houses are currently showing or have shown in the past six months such varied and, generally speaking, mature American and foreign films as *Lawrence of Arabia, To Kill a Mockingbird, West Side Story, David and Lisa, Long Day's Journey into Night, Freud, The Longest Day, Hud, Days of Wine and Roses, Lord of the Flies, The Balcony, A Child Is Waiting, The Leopard, Sundays and Cybele, Divorce—Italian Style, Electra, Four Days of Naples, The L-Shaped Room,* and 8½. Compare these productions with what is currently available on and off Broadway and it is readily apparent why not only cocktail-party chatter but serious consideration of dramatic composition, direction, and acting is more apt to concern itself today with the screen than with the stage.

American audiences are today paying homage (not to mention $2.50 admission prices) to see foreign stars such as Loren, Lollobrigida, Mastroianni, Mercouri, Guinness, Sellers, and Schell. Movie aficionados talk fluently of Fellini, Antonioni, Bergman, Kurosawa, Ray, Resnais, Truffault, Richardson, and a score of others. The productions of these directors from all over the world are helping to deepen the understanding and broaden the perception of patrons. They are also fertilizing the American screen with new approaches to the realities, frustrations, and ecstasies of all human relations as well as to novel methods of storytelling, or as in some cases, such as *Last Year in Marienbad*, of non-storytelling.

THE repercussions of this cultural explosion are already bearing fruit in the emergence of a group of experimental young producers and directors, including John Cassavetes, Shirley Clark, Morris Engel, Paul Heller, Ben Maddow, the Meikas brothers, Frank Perry, Lionel Rogosin (a timid man, I list them alphabetically). Personally, I regard much of their work as at best only the ripple of a new wave. The fact, however, remains that, functioning with budgets of $200,000 or less and devoid of any support, financial or even moral, from the big distributors until *David and Lisa* and *The Balcony* suddenly made them aware that there is gold in the hills of art, these young people are proving that a new generation of Americans is ready to participate in the world renaissance of picture making.

And from other better-heeled quarters come encouraging symptoms. Disney, in a period when so-called family

pictures were regarded as hopelessly square, has enjoyed his three most profitable years with films specifically designed for Ma, Pa, and the kiddies, such as *Shaggy Dog, Parent Trap,* and *The Absent-Minded Professor*. Cinerama, with its huge three-camera, three-dimensional process greatly improved, has foresworn its previous concentration on travelogues and moved into the field of fiction. *How the West Was Won*, in spite of its glaring geographical and historical errors, may well inaugurate a new regime in whch the tasteless Biblical spectaculars and sexaculars popularized by the late Cecil B. DeMille will be replaced by American epics dedicated to the most inspiring rather than the least edifying of the traditions of the Western world.

New picture companies unheard of until a few years ago, like Embassy, Reade-Sterling, and Seven Arts, are stepping in to pick up the slack in production and to challenge the supremacy of the old "majors." Ely Landau, who produced the distinguished *Long Day's Journey into Night*, is planing to make four other really mature pictures, and by "mature" he for one does not refer to films devoted primarily to promiscuity and perversion. These aggressive, intelligently staffed newcomers are not tied to the West Coast by real estate holdings, business affiliations, or union importunities. They will go—or stay—where they think they can make the best pictures under the most favorable conditions.

Some years ago in a rash moment I wisecracked that the old Hollywood studios would either have to raise their sights or raze their sites. They have, however, found a third course and, like other American institutions, good, bad and indifferent—jazz, shopping centers, Coca-Cola—they are proliferating all over the world. For better or worse there are Hollywoods today on the Tiber, Thames, Seine, Ganges, Sumida, and the Baltic Sea. And by Hollywoods I mean places where box-office budgets and grosses are more avidly discussed than hydrogen bombs, where the sexual habits and cohabitations of stars are regarded as of more consequence than a rift in Chinese-Soviet relations, and where the bidding for new plays and new novels soars higher than space satellites.

THE sun, which formerly never set on the British flag, now never sets on American cameras. Indeed, not only cameras but all of our picture-making paraphernalia have been improved so radically in the past decade that top studio craftsmanship can now be equaled deep in African jungles or from fast-flying planes. Pictures are being shot today in every part of the globe. They are the product of the skills, the dedication, and the team-

(*Continued on page* 67)

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New Realities

THE challenge of communism in the world of 1963 is profoundly changed from what it was twenty-five years ago — or even ten years ago. At one time, communism could be regarded as a political and economic world ideology with headquarters in Moscow seeking to apply the theories of Marx on the widest possible scale. With the spread of communism, however, lines of separation have developed. In fact, the term communism today no longer is an adequate description for the various forces existing under that name in the world.

When we speak of communism today, therefore, what communism do we have in mind? Do we mean theoretical communism? Do we mean the national manifestations of communism? If the latter, do we mean the communism identified with the Soviet Union under Nikita Khrushchev? Or the communism identified with the Communist China of Mao Tse-tung? Or the communism identified with Tito's Yugoslavia? In each case, communism has a style of its own. In the Soviet Union, it is a corporate state in which dividends take the form of increased consumer goods and low prices for living essentials, and with incentives for increasing production—all under absolutist political control. In Communist China the more rigorous and literal ideas of communist ideology are being applied—often against the advice of the Soviet Union. In Yugoslavia, the economic system in some respects bears a closer relationship to some of the economic features of Sweden than it does to literal Marxism.

These varying expressions of Marxism may suggest a paradox: Karl Marx spoke in the name of universal historical forces. He recognized that history worked out differently in different places, but didn't allow sufficiently for variations in background, tradition, and cultures that would make for widely diverse approaches, whether in economics or politics.

ANOTHER apparent failure in Marx was the inability to foresee the variations in expressions of communism flowing out of the infinite variations of human personality. The differences among men are nowhere as deep as in their drives, ambitions, hopes, fears, outlooks, responses, and approaches. These variations, never fully reflected in the writings of Marx, Engels, and Lenin, have been a major factor in the different directions being taken by the various communist nations in the world today. The personality of a Nikita Khrushchev gives a turn to Russian history substantially different from that of a Stalin. And the force of personality inside the communist world may have a far greater impact on history than any theories of inevitable forces or historical determinism. History is still primarily what men make it.

The big question facing America in considering the challenge of communism, therefore, is whether our knowledge of it and our policies for dealing with it fit the present situation. If we are out of date in our understanding of the problem, it won't make any difference how large or sophisticated our nuclear arsenal may be. Our security depends not on bombs alone but on our ability to make an accurate diagnosis of problems and dangers.

The need for correct diagnosis is nowhere so acute as in the situation involving the Soviet Union and Communist China today. Obviously, it is not entirely within our power to determine the direction taken by the Soviet Union and China. But it is certainly within our ability to develop policies that deal with the reality of the present situation, strengthening those developments that are favorable to the United States and resisting those developments that are inimical to the United States.

What, therefore, are the issues between the Soviet Union and Communist China, and how do they affect the United States?

The first issue has to do with nuclear war.

Mao Tse-tung says he has no liking for nuclear war but quotes Lenin to the effect that war is inherent in the nature of a capitalist society. Moreover, the capitalist world is not to be trusted. It will not keep treaties or agreements, he says. It is intent only on expanding its imperial dominion to the entire world and in exploiting the working class everywhere, especially in Asia and Africa. He believes in a policy of toughness. He says that the only language the United States understands is the language of force. He says that the only chance of averting war is by creating a force so large and powerful that the capitalists and the militarists will not dare to attack. He is opposed to any limitation on the war-making capacity of communism, with respect to a ban on nuclear weapons or anything else. If war should come, he believes that from one-third to one-half of the human race will perish but that the socialist form of government will survive and that in from fifty to 100 years the human race will replenish itself. It is a high price to pay for peace, but not too high, he believes, in view of the destruction of capitalism and imperialism.

Mao finds it inexplicable and humiliating that Khrushchev, far from closing ranks with China against the hated Americans, without whose aid the enemy Chiang Kai-shek would have collapsed long ago, should be exchanging cordial toasts with the United States and negotiating treaties looking to peace and cooperation. He has scorn

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for the notion of neutralism or "uncommitted" nations. He believes that nations must take a stand one way or the other. His attack on India last year may very well have been a maneuver to sharpen the issue and to force the Soviet Union, which has been sending aid to India, to change its policy and make common cause with China against the enemies of socialism. He sees the world in blacks and whites; in fact, color to him is a prime exploitable fact.

Nikita Khrushchev says that whatever Marx and Lenin may have said at one time, they had no way of anticipating the nature of nuclear war. He doesn't believe that a policy of maximum risk is the best policy for averting nuclear war. He has firsthand evidence about the nature of thermonuclear explosives. He knows that a single bomb now contains more destructive power by far than all the bombs and explosives put together in all the wars in human history, including the second World War with its 1,000-plane raids and Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Khrushchev knows that a single bomb can devastate 10,000 square miles. He knows that no system of defense, however intricate and ingenious, can protect a nation against all forms of nuclear attack. Some bombs are going to explode on target, whether from submarines or from missiles based on land. He knows that the Soviet Union, like the United States, will become a radioactive rubble pile as the result of another war. He didn't build the countless thousands of new housing projects throughout the Soviet Union just for the privilege of seeing them knocked down by nuclear bombs. He didn't construct the many hundreds of new mass-production plants and power installations just to see them leveled in another war.

HE knows that suicide is not the ideal means by which to advance the cause of communism in the world. He therefore wants to shift the level of competition with the United States and the West to a nonmilitary level. He seeks victory though what he believes will be the eventual superior producing power of the Soviet Union, plus the predominant political and social influence of the Soviet Union, especially in Asia, Africa, and South America, and what he believes will be the ultimate collapse of the free enterprise system of the United States.

This is what he means by peaceful coexistence. It is not congenial coexistence, not quite. But it is at least a decision to reduce the risk of nuclear war. Hence, his desire for a ban on nuclear testing and a detente in general with the West. The spread of nuclear weapons to many countries, the speed-up in the arms race represented by unlimited experimentation—these are not consistent with the security of the Soviet Union, as Nikita Khrushchev sees it.

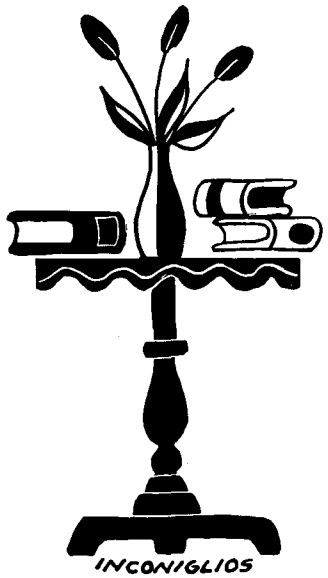
But differences on the question of nuclear war are not the only differences between the Soviet Union and Communist China. Some of the differences are historical. Russia may be a communist society, but it hasn't detached itself altogether from its national history. The same is true of Communist China. The national experiences, ambitions, and fears of precommunist Russia play some part in its national policies today. The same is true of China.

The long history of both countries, especially during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, was not a harmonious one. China regarded Russia as part of the imperialist West—in many respects the most bitter part, for Russia was expanding into China. The territorial intrusions of the Western nations into China are not recognized by the present communist regime. This most certainly includes the territory acquired by Russia in large areas contiguous to Siberia.

The Chinese today would like these territories back. The Russians have no disposition to accommodate them in this respect.

The result is a further intensification of the bitter feelings between the two countries.

There is also the matter of leadership of the communist world. Mao Tse-tung would like Peking to be the headquarters of the world proletarian revolution. He would like to call the signals for world communist strategy. Nikita Khrushchev would like to keep the headquarters right where it is.



It is no longer accurate, therefore, to speak of a Communist party, here or elsewhere. It is important to ask which Communist party, for there are rapidly developing throughout the world two fully formed Communist parties. The larger one is responsive to the leadership of the Soviet Union; the other is responsive to the leadership of Communist China. The first is inclined to be more sophisticated, more pragmatic in its approaches, more disposed to work for long-range results. The second is impatient, impulsive, arbitrary, revolutionary.

In the United States, the struggle for power between these two groups has already begun. The Chinese Communist division is doing all it can to re-establish the old Trotskyite revolutionary forces in the U.S. It would like to build up the raw materials here for national combustion. The old-line Communist party seems to regard the strategy of violence and imminent revolution as somewhat naïve.

The Chinese Communist division in the United States has discovered it can make rapid gains for its own purposes by combining with the anti-Soviet forces in the United States without, of course, identifying itself. To the extent that the American people identify communism exclusively with the Soviet Union, the Chinese Communists can exploit anticommunism in dozens of ways for purposes congenial to itself.

The American people have the need, therefore, to update their knowledge of the problems and challenges represented by communism in its various forms and disguises. Not everything that represents itself as anticommunist is the genuine article. Not all pronouncements labeled anticommunist are genuinely anticommunist in effect.

In the large, the United States today is called upon to make new assessments based on the profound changes in the nature of world communism.

The fact that Nikita Khrushchev wants to win on the nonmilitary level should not mean that we should move toward a nuclear showdown.

Quite the contrary; we should welcome this nonmilitary competition as representing the only arena in which victory for freedom is possible. We need not be morose about the prospects. No nation in the world has more natural assets to put to work in a nonmilitary competition than the United States. The only pessimists are those who have little understanding of the nature of this society, of its history, of its ideas, and of its claim on the moral imagination. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WHEN SCHOLARS PROTEST

IT IS INAPPROPRIATE and out of character for *SR* to publish what looked like a spoof about the problems of integration. I refer to the article "Why I Went to Jail," by Arthur I. Waskow [*SR*, Aug. 24]. Only a cardboard intellectual would publicly display the crass immodesty that pervaded this article: "I wrote the last chapter of a scholarly study . . ." and ". . . a scholar's brain 'is too precious a national resource to be splashed on a ferris wheel'."

Any real intellectual knows that when he participates in political protest he does so as a citizen, not as an intellectual. And no real intellectual would indulge in the pseudopsychoanalytic vaporings that characterized Mr. Waskow's article. . . .

If this represents intellectuality, I'll have none of it. . . .

PHILIP B. ARMSTRONG.

Falmouth, Mass.

MR. WASKOW was right and admirable to risk arrest. Scholarship in isolation is selfish, sterile, and—too often—cowardly.

EDWARD MORRIS.

Racine, O.

I WAS DELIGHTED to read "Why I Went to Jail." It was constructive to learn why a white person left his living room armchair or ivory tower to stand up and be counted.

Personally, if it weren't for the vociferous demands of the Negroes for equality now, I too would be among the many who believe in equality in an abstract, general way. But every white person has heard his own drummer, or will. Mine came when I heard Mrs. Medgar Evers tell a group that her husband gave his life not only for his black brothers in this country and throughout the world, but for his white brothers as well.

This is the true message of James Baldwin. It is not only a race issue involved in civil rights. It is basically the question of individual dignity and respect. We still have to learn how to judge people as people. . . .

No one expects the battle to end quickly. The struggle for integration will take many years.

So much of prejudice is an unconscious social pattern that we cannot hope to eliminate it completely in one generation—or ever. We can only work to make it easier for white and black to meet together as equals.

MURIEL SALZMAN.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE DIALOGUE CONTINUED

JOHN CIARDI'S "Dialogue with an Audience" [*SR*, Sept. 14] makes me wonder what it is about this critic that sets my teeth on edge. The answer, I think, is the frequency of the pronoun "I" in his musings and his assumption that those who disagree with him are "mindless."

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"How come all our friends have triremes and we only have a bireme?"

Such an attitude, strangely enough, is oftener than not held by really mindless people.

And it baffles me that Ciardi could not find *one* little poem among the 200 he inherited worthy of his sponsorship. Shouldn't the laws of chance pick out one garret-hidden genius from the 200 . . . ?

WILMA CRAVENS.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

IT WOULD BE INTERESTING to know if other *SR* readers share my irritation with the Olympian dicta and egocentric manner of John Ciardi. In my opinion, the assumption of authority in regard to criteria for poetry is both unwarranted and offensive. . . . One could perhaps be tolerant and generous if only he were not so abrasively cocksure and opinionated.

I have subscribed to *SR* since the first issue, and never before have I been so constantly incensed by any editor or contributor. I can't do without *SR*, but I am now obliged to make a habit of skipping John Ciardi.

ADELLA P. SHEA.

Chula Vista, Calif.

PRINCE OF POETS

J. MAX PATRICK'S review of James G. Nelson's *The Sublime Puritan: Milton and the Victorians* refers in its last paragraph to Milton as the "Prince of Poets." I must stuffily point out that the epithet is more properly reserved for Milton's great predecessor, also a narrative poet, also a Puritan, also possessed of broadly tolerant Protestant views; also convinced that the attuning of the human with the divine will was necessary for joy, growth, art, glory, virtue, and the conquest of the forces of Dame Mutability.

The inscription on his monument in Westminster Abbey reads, with the spelling modernized, "Here lies . . . The body of Edmund Spenser, the Prince of Poets in his time, whose Divine Spirit needs no other witness than the works which he left behind him."

J. C. GRAY,
Assistant Professor of English,
Northern Illinois University.

DeKalb, Ill.

CONTESTED CAST

LET ME BE ONE of the many who can (and probably will) correct Cleveland Amory's version of the "old story" about the violinist whose debut was attended by another violinist and a pianist [*SR*, Sept. 7]. The story itself is true, but Mr. Amory wrongly identifies all three of the *dramatis personae*.

Actually the violinist making his debut was Jascha Heifetz (October 27, 1917), not Yehudi Menuhin; and the listening violinist was not Heifetz but Mischa Elman, sitting in a box with pianist Leopold Godowski, not Artur Rubinstein, at Carnegie Hall. The facts are that Elman, during the mounting ovations for Heifetz, remarked to Godowsky, "Isn't it hot in here?" The pianist, a famous wit and raconteur, answered, "Not for pianists."

Menuhin's first important New York appearance was as soloist with the New York Symphony Orchestra at the age of ten, playing Beethoven's Violin Concerto. So far as I know, neither Heifetz nor Rubinstein was present on that occasion.

SIGMUND SPAETH.

New York, N.Y.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Practicing the Holy Persuasion

WILLIAM GOYEN has published three novels and two collections of short stories in the past thirteen years. If he writes slowly, he writes well, and he is careful not to repeat himself. In general a venturer outside the province of realistic fiction, he is always finding new ways of making use both of fantasy and of the language of poetry.

His first novel, *The House of Breath* (1950), is a poetic reconstruction of the life of a boy in a small Texas town. Sometimes suffering from the excessive richness of its figures of speech, from a kind of lushness, it does create an atmosphere and it takes us into a boy's mind. Reading it again, I have again responded with excitement to the vision of life it presents.

In a Farther Country (1955) is more purely surrealistic, the kind of novel in which the reader never knows what is dream and what is not. Fantasy is developed within fantasy, and there are meanings beyond meanings. Basically, it presents a group of lonely, frustrated men and women and lets us look deep into their hearts.

The Fair Sister (Doubleday, $3.50), a very short novel (104 pages) based on a story that was included in *The Faces of Blood Kindred* (1960), appears to be more conventional than its predecessors. It is an account, in part quite funny, of the adventures of a female evangelist, and there are many details that are well observed. In its nature, however, the story is close to fantasy, and Goyen does not fail to make the most of the fantastic elements.

At the outset Ruby Drew, the narrator, a devoted assistant in the Church Zealous in Philadelphia to a preacher known as Prince o' Light, resolves to bring her fair sister, Savata, into the service of the Lord. She goes to St. Louis, where Savata is singing in a night club, and is successful in her mission. After some backsliding, Savata becomes a full-fledged bishop of the Church Zealous, and she and Ruby go to Brooklyn to found their own church, the Light of the World Holiness Church. It becomes a great success, and Ruby, as business manager, is happy until Canaan Johnson, a learned man by his own account and a teacher of Hebrew, appears on the scene. He usurps her place and profits handsomely thereby. She fights back but, even with Prince o' Light to support her, she loses. However, Canaan Johnson vanishes, taking Savata's diamonds with him; and Savata herself, after a nervous breakdown, also disappears.

It was one of Goyen's happiest strokes to let Ruby tell the story, and he has created for her a wonderful style:

> Savata had a singing voice which Jesus blessed her with, thank you Jesus. I had not much of one but gave what I had of it to the Church. Well—that's *one* of the differences between us, and there were many. Truthfully, we had not one thing in common and about as unalike as a potato and a butterfly. But that enabled us to help each other. One thing I *do* have and that's me a vocabulary . . . the gift of *talking* . . . holy *persuasion*. Words just come onto my tongue like a wafer the Lord placed there. If Savata could *sing*, I could talk, so the Lord blessed us both with *tongue*, singing and talking. That can make a church for the Lord, the power of tongue.

Elsewhere Ruby says, "'For I, too, have a natural tongue, supple to speaking, and acrobatic with words—my gift from the Lord Jesus, thanks." She does not rely wholly on the Lord for words, however; but carefully builds up a vocabulary, acquiring such polysyllables as concupiscent, epistemological, chicanery, ensconced, and androgyne, which she uses on more or less appropriate occasions. Her grammar may not be flawless, but her style is lively, and she knows how to make her points, on paper as in the pulpit.

As is natural, we know Ruby better than we do Savata, but the secret of the latter's success is clear. As Ruby

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says, "People in search of their salvation like to see a pretty face and a figure that doesn't look like a sack of something, and we capitalized on that." Savata even goes so far as to convert a specialty number from her night-club days to the uses of the church. "All I will say is that it involved the baptismal font and a St. Francis point of view. A jazz choir of good voices backed her. The lighting was superb. What seemed a blasphemy turned out to attract more baptisms than the water supply could supply water for." It is no wonder that "these were the days of cake and champagne."

We see something of the methods of other evangelists, including Prince o' Light and Canaan Johnson; but the most impressive figure, next to Savata herself, is seven-year-old Cubsy Hall. Here he is at a night club:

> There were not many customers tonight, and who was there was in somebody's arms in dark corners. Up rose Cubsy Hall, plugged in his guitar and started singing a sweet little Jesus song. He drew the smoochers out of each other's arms. Then he changed into a twist-rhythm version and flung the smoochers back into each other's hot hold. Just as I thought, I told my business self, he has the combination the world needs and which is the platform of the LOWHC [Light of the World Holiness Church] and the very training and thesis of Prince o' Light, the father of it all. He can move Jesus in and out of various rhythms and never lose the basic Jesus, he can thread Jesus through all needles, and sew Jesus on, in unbroken thread.

There is nothing new in the idea that sex and religion are closely related, and we have had other female evangelists in fiction who were as much at home in a theatre—or, for that matter, in a brothel—as in a pulpit. As Ruby remarks when she sees her fair sister in the St. Louis night club, "God has quite definitely mixed Good all up with the Bad . . . dross and gold, chaff and wheat . . . for good reasons." What is fresh in Goyen's treatment is that he has shown the mixture of motives so adroitly and made so amusing and at the same time so thoughtful a drama out of it. Ruby's own motives, of course, as she frequently reveals, consciously and unconsciously, are as mixed as anyone's, and the scene in which she brings suit against Savata and Canaan Johnson for control of the church is hilarious farce. In its particular way the little novel is a triumph.

—Granville Hicks.

ON THE FRINGE

Autumn Leaves a Bounty of Books

IN KEEPING with the emphasis this week on fall books and as a public service I offer the following list as representing the best titles (Chrismas gift books and children's books not included) to be published between now and the first of the year. On second thought, I'll qualify that since the statement above defines what I had planned rather than what has resulted.

First of all, let's eliminate "best books." The list is not a critical one in any way. Reviewers will take care of evaluations at the proper time. Secondly, one house in Kankakee, Illinois, refused to send me its catalogue, which makes the survey incomplete (I *am* trying to be honest about this). Furthermore, each publisher told me that every book he was bringing out by a known author was that author's greatest work to date, and each new author was making *the* debut of the writing year. This sort of thing makes me suspicious. Well, what with the failure of Kankakee plus a little liquid befuddlement offered up by the publishers as I made my survey, let's just say that the following books to be released between now and the first of the year seem interesting.

That is, of course, if they are published between now and the first of the year (and there goes that clever monthly breakdown at which I really worked). Some of the books are still hopeful of being taken by clubs and will gladly hold up publication to be the July 1964 selection or the April bonus. Others are praying for magazine excerption and will hold up for that. Some nonfiction works will require major revisions if there is the slightest change in the world situation. Others may be held back to wait for less crowded days in the bookstores so that an unknown author can get better display space. Some fiction writers—mostly with beards—may refuse to return their corrected galleys to the publisher out of fear that actual publication could ruin their coffee house standing. And so it goes.

In any case, here is a list of books which seem interesting and which one day may be published. Just how much service can you expect for twenty-five cents?

October

The Craft of Intelligence. By Allen Dulles (Harper & Row). A history of U.S. espionage by the former chief of the Central Intelligence Agency.

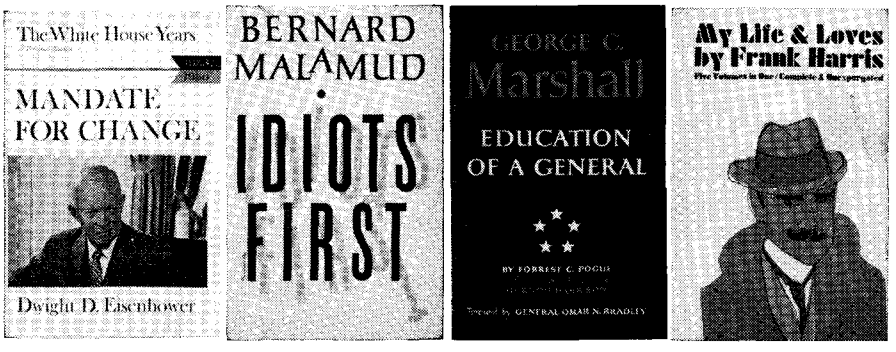
G.B.S. and the Lunatic. By Lawrence Langner Atheneum). Shaw labeled the late head of the Theatre Guild a lunatic for wanting to produce the bearded one's *Back to Methuselah*. This is a reminiscence of a long, creative association. Photographs.

John Foster Dulles: The Last Year. By Eleanor Lansing Dulles (Harcourt, Brace & World). A wreath for Eisenhower's Secretary of State by his sister.

My Life and Loves. By Frank Harris (Grove). That long-banned, erotic autobiography, reduced from five volumes to one of approximately 1,000 pages.

Idiots First. By Bernard Malamud (Farrar, Straus). A new collection of short stories by the author of *The Assistant* and *The Magic Barrel*.

African Decameron. By Peter Fuchs (Obolensky). A collection of folk tales brought back from the Hadjerai tribes of Central Africa, who, because of their geographic location, have managed to pro-



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tect their ancient culture from the improvements of civilization.

PSYCHOANALYSIS AND FAITH (Basic Books). A twenty-eight-year correspondence consisting of 130 never-before-published letters between Sigmund Freud, who believed that religion was "the universal neurosis of mankind," and Oskar Pfister, a Swiss Protestant clergyman, who was the first man to make use of psychoanalytic techniques in pastoral work.

THE AGE OF WELLINGTON: The Life and Times of the Duke of Wellington 1769-1852. By Leonard Cooper (Dodd, Mead). The correlation between our day and that of the career soldier Arthur Wellesley is one of the author's principal concerns here.

ONE MILLION DEAD. By José María Gironella (Doubleday). Fiction and fact intermingle in a novel of the Spanish Civil War by the author of *The Cypresses Believe in God.*

THE WILL. By Harvey Swados (World). A novel concerning three brothers and their fight over what might be left to them in their father's bequest.

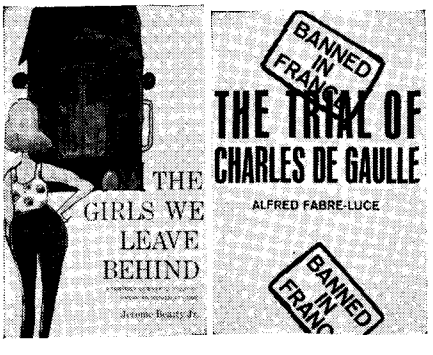
THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF HABSBURG. By Edward Crankshaw (Viking). The Russian correspondent for the *London Observer* is absorbed here with what went wrong with this "sport in the history of human institutions."

CULTURE AGAINST MAN. By Jules Henry (Random House). The noted social scientist is irate over how often we are betrayed by our own artifacts and mores. Topics range from advertising to school systems.

THE FIFTH QUEEN. By Ford Madox Ford (Vanguard). A trilogy (*The Fifth Queen, Privy Seal, The Fifth Queen Crowned*) in one volume. The queen is Katherine Howard, wife V to Henry VIII. Not published in U. S. before.

A MAN AND TWO WOMEN. By Doris Lessing (Simon & Schuster). Short stories set in Africa and England by the author of *The Golden Notebook.*

A DAY IN LATE SEPTEMBER. By Merle Miller (Sloane). Twenty-four hours during which several characters are forced to face up to the facts of their lives.



MY HAPPY DAYS IN HELL. By George Faludy (Morrow). The Hades of Hungary under the Nazis and Reds is vividly recalled by an ultra-articulate Magyar poet.

IN THE BEGINNINGS. By H.R. Hays (Putnam). Primitive man, his fetishes, his gods. Half-tones and maps.

CHANCE, HOPE, AND THE BOMB. By David E. Lilienthal (Princeton University Press). The first chairman of the AEC ticks off fallacies about disarmament, the peaceful atom, and the omniscience of the Scientist.

RUSSIANS THEN AND NOW. Edited by Avrahm Yarmolinsky (Macmillan). An anthology of Russian prose and poetry from the sixteenth century to the present.

THE GREAT AUK. By Allan W. Eckert (Little, Brown). A first novel about the last flight of seven obsolescent birds.

THE BOSNIAN CHRONICLE. By Ivo Andric (Knopf). The largest volume in the Bosnian trilogy (other books: *The Bridge on the Drina* and *Miss*) by the 1961 Nobel Prize-winner.

A SENATE JOURNAL, 1943-1945. By Allen Drury (McGraw-Hill). A nonfictionalized rendering of the *Advise and Consent* scene based on the Pulitzer Prize-winning author's observations as a U.P. correspondent.

CAREFUL, HE MIGHT HEAR YOU. By Sumner Locke Elliot (Harper & Row). Four women struggle for possession of a small boy. A first novel.

THE GIRLS WE LEAVE BEHIND. By Jerome Beatty, Jr. (Doubleday). A nonscientific investigation into what the little woman does with her sunny suburban day.

THE TEREZIN REQUIEM. By Joseph Bor (Knopf). Prisoners in a Nazi concentration camp furtively rehearse Verdi's great hymn to mortality until they take their turn with the condemned.

FREEDOM AND AFTER. By Tom Mboya (Little, Brown). A plea for understanding of African aspirations by Kenya's Minister of Labor.

THE QUEST FOR THE DREAM. By John P. Roche (Macmillan). The national chairman of Americans for Democratic Action traces the struggle for human dignity from the eradication of race stereotypes to civil rights legislation.

THE BENDER. By Paul Scott (Morrow). A Londoner with just enough income to loaf his life away goes on an epic alcoholic spree when faced with a threat to *la dolce vita.*

THE PERENNIAL PHILADELPHIANS: The Anatomy of an American Aristocracy. By Nathaniel Burt. (Little, Brown). A witty portrait of the Main Line's ruling families. Illustrated.

THE CREATIVE PRESENT: Notes on Contemporary American Fiction. Edited by Nona Balakian and Charles Simmons (Doubleday). Ten critics describe and evaluate the work of leading American writers who came on the scene after the Second World War.

THE TRIAL OF CHARLES DE GAULLE. By Alfred Fabre-Luce (Praeger). President de Gaulle is brought before the French Senate charged with violating the Constitution and other transgressions. The novel has been banned in France, *naturellement.*

APOLLINAIRE: Poet Among Painters. By Francis Steegmuller (Farrar, Straus). The poet, promoter of modern art, and inventor of the term "surrealism"—his life, loves, and friends. Photographs.

HEROD'S CHILDREN. By Ilse Aichinger (Atheneum). A novel about Jewish youngsters in Vienna under the Nazis.

SYMBOL, STATUS AND PERSONALITY. By S. I. Hayakawa (Harcourt, Brace & World). The world-famous philologist declares verbal war on those who warp words to create stereotypes and generalizations for personal profit. Think before you speak is the moral.

SANTAYANA: The Later Years. By Daniel Cory (Braziller). Three hundred never-before-published letters by the revered author and philosopher plus a commentary by his friend and secretary, now literary executor.

MICHELANGELO ANTONIONI. By Pierre Leprohon (Simon & Schuster). A biography of the Newest Wave Italian film director, with photographs, stills, and excerpts from his screenplays, along with an analysis of his work.

PEKING AND MOSCOW. By Klaus Mehnert (Putnam). A German best-seller. The author, who has lived in both Russia and China, dissects the break between the two countries.

THE PASSION OF THE HAWKS. By Tristram Coffin (Macmillan). A cold look at our militarism, including a disturbing comparison between American and Russian might.

AND THERE WAS LIGHT. By Jacques Lusseyran (Little, Brown). The autobiography of a blind boy who grew up to become a leader of the French Resistance.

THE PIOUS PORNOGRAPHERS. By William Iverson Morrow). A sharp glance under some dirty American rocks reveals smutch aplenty—from the supposedly proper ladies' magazines to that man who once was on the cover of the telephone book.

THE WILD GARDEN. By Angus Wilson (University of California Press). The author of *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes,* to name one of his many novels, discusses his approach to writing.

LOOKING OUTWARD: Years of Crisis at the United Nations. By Adlai Stevenson

(*Continued on page* 50)

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The Literary Sampler

Excerpts from New and Forthcoming Books

Scribbling for Mr. Scribner

599 Summit Avenue
St. Paul, Minnesota
September 18, 1919

DEAR MR. PERKINS:

Of course I was delighted to get your letter and I've been in a sort of trance all day; not that I doubted you'd take it but at last I have something to show people. It has enough advertisement in St. Paul already to sell several thousand copies and I think Princeton will buy it. (I've been a periodical, local Great-Expectations for some time in both places.)

Terms, ect., I leave to you but one thing I can't relinquish without at least a slight struggle. Would it be utterly impossible for you to publish the book Xmas—or, say, by February? I have so many things dependent on its success—including of course a girl—not that I expect it to make me a fortune but it will have a psychological effect on me and all my surroundings and besides open up new fields. I'm in that stage where every month counts frantically and seems a cudgel in a fight for happiness against time. Will you let me know more exactly how that difference in time of publication influences the sale and what you mean by "early spring?"

Excuse this ghastly handwriting but I'm a bit nervous today. I'm beginning (last month) a very ambitious novel called *The Demon Lover* which will probably take a year. Also I'm writing short stories. I find that what I enjoy writing is always my best—every young author ought to read Samuel Butler's *Notebooks*.

I'm writing quite a marvelous after-the-war story. Does Mr. Bridges think that they're a little passé or do you think he'd like to see it?

I'll fix up data for advertising and have a photo taken next week with the most gigantic enjoyment (I'm trying H. G. Wells' use of vast Garagantuan [sp.] words).

Well, thank you for a very happy day and numerous other favors and let me know if I've any possible chance for earlier publication, and give my thanks or whatever is in order to Mr. Scribner or whoever else was on the deciding committee.

Probably be East next month or November.

Sincerely,

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

P.S. Who picks out the cover? I'd like something that could be, a set—look cheerful and important like a Shaw book. I notice Shaw, Galsworthy and Barrie do that. But Wells doesn't—I wonder why. No need of illustrations, is there? I knew a fellow at college who'd have been a wonder for books like mine—a mixture of Aubrey Beardsley, Hogarth and Montgomery Flagg. But he got killed in the war.

Excuse this immoderately long and rambling letter but I think you'll have to allow me several days for recuperation.

—From "The Letters of F. Scott Fitzgerald," edited by Andrew Turnbull, to be published by Scribners this month.

The Bumps of a Bishop

CONSIDERING HOW fiercely I have been attacked by the orthodox it seems ludicrous that I once intended to be a clergyman. Nor was this intention and my father's wish ever formally given up, but died a natural death when on leaving Cambridge I joined the *Beagle* as naturalist. If the phrenologists are to be trusted I was well fitted in one respect to be a clergyman. A few years ago the secretaries of a German psychological society asked me earnestly by letter for a photograph of myself; and some time afterwards I received the proceedings of one of the meetings in which it seemed that the shape of my head had been the subject of a public discussion, and one of the speakers declared that I had the bump of Reverence developed enough for ten priests.

—From "Darwin for Today: The Essence of His Works," edited and with an Introduction by Stanley Edgar Hyman, published recently by Viking.

Old Generation Bows Out

THERE IS growing up in Ghana a generation which has no firsthand knowledge of colonial rule. These boys and girls, born since Independence, will find it difficult to believe that there was a time when Africans could not walk in certain parts of every town, unless they had business there as servants. The limitations on our freedom, the crimes against our dignity as human beings, will seem to them remote and unreal. It is cheering to think that when they meet a European it will never occur to them to touch the imaginary forelock, or bow in servility, as some of our older men still do, so hard is it to break long-established habits.

—From "Africa Must Unite," by Kwame Nkrumah, published this month by Praeger.

On Affluent Ambivalence

ALL THE RESOURCES of American society, and they are massive, are mobilized to make Americans product-minded. The economy as currently set up demands this kind of orientation, and Americans have one of their worst areas of Amenhotep rigidity when it comes to the notion of reshaping the economy. Product-minded we are, and product-minded we must be, almost everyone is agreed. And it is just not humanly possible to be product-minded and fight-minded at one and the same time. The two orientations require completely opposite, and mutually exclusive, sets of qualities. To be fight-minded, whether the enemy is puerperal fever, the German Army, human slavery or litterbugs, requires that people be intense, concentrated, pugnacious and, some might say, not without a streak of savagery. To be product-minded requires that people be relaxed (or you could also say "slack"), diffused and agreeable (or uncritical, if you want to put it that way).

—From "The Pseudo-Ethic," by Margaret Halsey, published recently by Simon & Schuster.

Classroom for New Nations

ONLY DURING the past few years has Israel attracted the finest of the young leaders of Asia and Africa, from the Philippines and Japan, Cambodia and Burma, Nepal and India, Nigeria and Ghana, Liberia and Ethiopia, Tanganyika and Kenya, Congo and Chad, Guinea and the Ivory Coast, and many more, to study cooperation and agri-

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cultural settlement, military organization, development areas, the labor movement, scientific institutions. They have not come because Israel is powerful and rich, but because the new states regard her as a suitable and instructive specimen of a country that is trying, with no little success, to solve problems that concern old and new in Asia and Africa and also in Latin America. The changes we have produced in the economic, social, and cultural structure of our ingathered people and the landscape and economy of the land are those that most Asian and African nations want. From us, more perhaps than from many others, they can learn how feasible and profitable such changes are, and how to bring them about at home. *—From "Israel: Years of Challenge," by David Ben-Gurion, to be published this month by Holt, Rinehart & Winston.*

Proposal Accepted

DEAR HAL—I will marry you so gladly with the old marriage service; for better for worse in sickness in health, and forsaking all others—until death us do part. Hal—Hal!

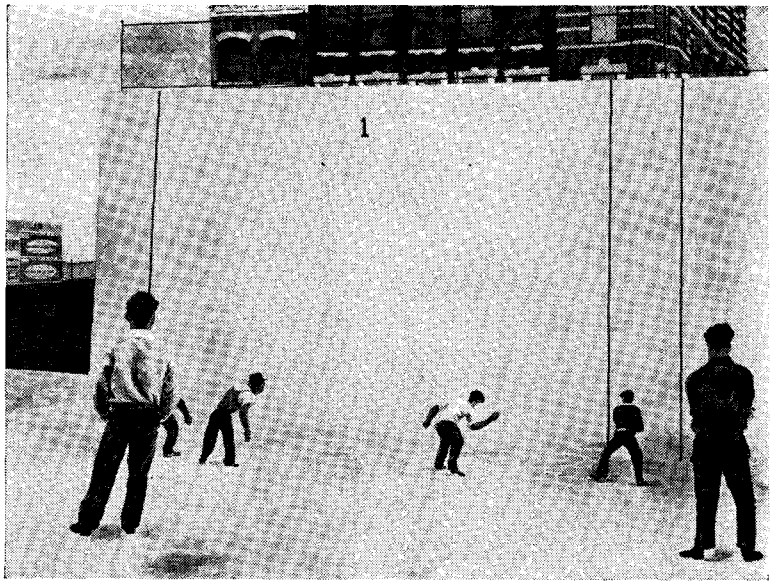
Because in swearing this to you I swear it to something else. To a life-ideal. To the belief in loyalty, to the belief in comradeship, to the conviction that nothing comes of any relationship except through the sacrifice of the unimportant; to the belief that there is something in you greater than you—some passion for truth; some destiny to be the medium for that truth; some call to be expression of the discontent and the aspiration of your country—Hal, my friend, my dear friend. To that I swear loyalty; not to a man who can stir me to excitement with his kisses, or comfort me to rest by his caresses; not to an active puissance—to another embodiment of what I myself deem worthy to be loved and fought for in life. Ah, my friend—I see you with your torn open eyes, your face scarred as though with flames, your long legged body leaning against the wind, the pain in you, the sweetness in you, the mad anger in you

(*Continued on page* 48)

Counterpoint: "Most important is always to have a play back and forth, back and forth. Between the big and little, the light and the dark . . ." To these words of the artist James Thrall Soby, in *Ben Shahn Paintings* (Braziller, $15), would add "opposition between inanimate rigidity and human warmth." While Shahn's "social realism" of the Sacco-Vanzetti and Depression eras has given way to a "personal realism" extending to allegory, juxtaposition remains a constant.

"Picking Cotton."

"Textile Mills."



"Handball."

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The Camera Focuses on a Famous Fall Lineup

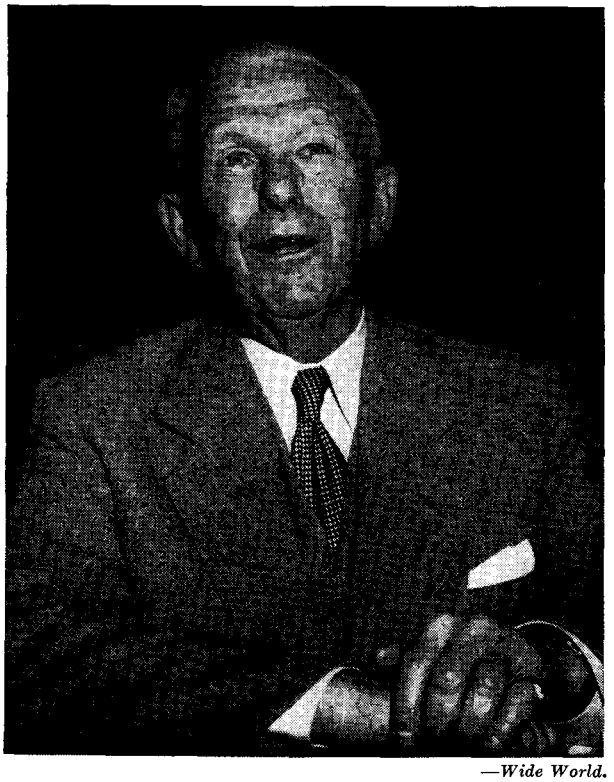
A Pre-Snow Flurry of New Nonfiction Covers the Celebrated from Africa to Abilene

—*Wide World.*

Tom Mboya, author of "Freedom and After," published by Little, Brown.

—*CBS Television.*

Dwight D. Eisenhower, author of "Mandate for Change, 1953-1956: The White House Years," to be published by Doubleday in November.



—*Wide World.*

General George C. Marshall, subject of a biography, "George C. Marshall: Education of a General, 1880-1939," by Forrest C. Pogue with the assistance of Gordon Harrison, to be published next week by Viking.

—*Library of Harrison Smith.*

Wedding day of Sinclair Lewis and Dorothy Thompson, whose marriage is described in "Dorothy and Red," by Vincent Sheean, to be published in November by Houghton Mifflin.

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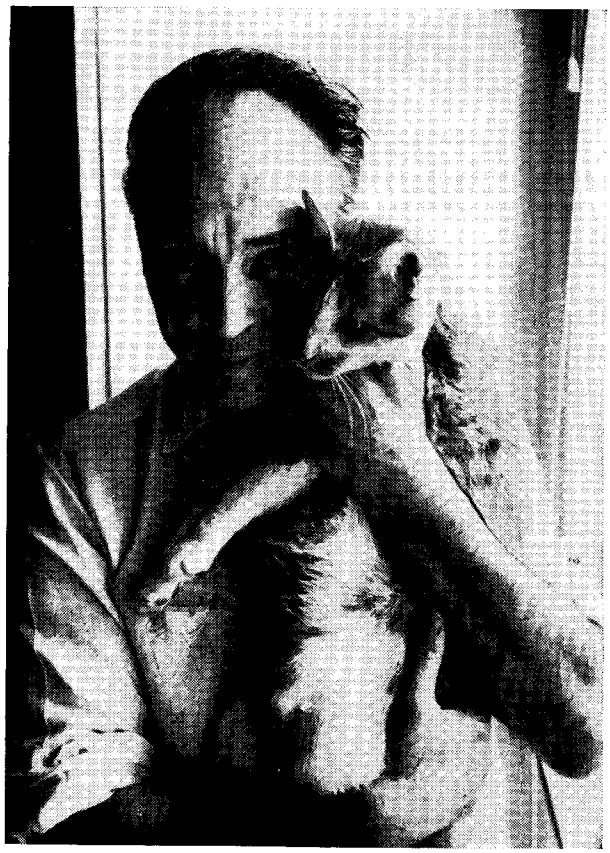
Caitlin Thomas whose "Not Quite Posthumous Letter to My Daughter" will be published early in Nov. by Little, Brown.



—*Martha Swope.*

George Balanchine, subject of a biography by Bernard Taper to be published early in November by Harper & Row.

—*Wide World.*

Kwame Nkrumah, whose "Africa Must Unite" will be published later this month by Praeger, with Mrs. Nkrumah.

—*George Tames.*

Allen Drury, whose "A Senate Journal, 1943-1945" will be published later this month by McGraw-Hill.

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Annoyed Without Freud

Henry James and the Jacobites, *by Maxwell Geismar (Houghton Mifflin. 463 pp. $7), attacks the critical cult obeisant to the nineteenth-century novelist. Will C. Jumper is associate professor of American Literature at Iowa State University.*

By WILL C. JUMPER

IN THE stirring pages of this book we can almost hear the thunder of horses' hoofs and the cry, "*Hi-Oh, Sigmund! Away!*" as Maxwell Geismar, the Lone Ranger, gallops to save captive Native Letters from the fierce Jacobites, who have sworn an unholy blood-brotherhood with the dastardly tribe of New Critics. The Ranger's hardy Tonto has become the wraith of Hippolyte Taine.

Who are the enemy? They range quite literally from A to Z: Auden, Beach, Blackmur, Dupee, Fadiman, Lubbock, Matthiessen, Murdock, Rahv, Spender, Stallman, Trilling, Wescott, Wilson, and Zabel. (Where are Cleanth Brooks, Gordon, Tate, and Robert Penn Warren?)

What is the ammunition? Mainly this: Henry James's psychic development was arrested at the stage of the pre-adolescent *voyeur* (the word *voyeur,* alone or in combination with suffixes or compounds, occurs at least twenty-three times in the book) as any fool riding by on a white horse should plainly see. (To be sure, James is also the victim of the "classic Jungian . . . trauma . . . during his menopausal period," sometimes "masturbatic" in his "fantasy life," often "oedipal" or "pre-oedipal," or just plain "cannibalistic." The literary Freudian, you will note, can have it all ways at once.)

Geismar occasionally tries to forgive James his arrested "psycho-sexual development," as presumably Freud would also have done; but he cannot forgive the Jacobites for not concurring in his diagnosis; and he can't forgive James for being "pre-Freudian," "non-Freudian," or "anti-Freudian." This latter implacability is odd, since Geismar was only just discovering Freud for himself in *The Last of the Provincials* (1947) and didn't become the Compleat Freudian Angler until *Rebels and Ancestors* (1953). To use his *ad hominem* style of reconstruction, probably he entered his own analysis sometime in 1947 or shortly after and had completed it by 1953. The pages of the current book are so interlarded with the cant terms of Freudianism that we are prompted to ask to see Geismar's diplomas in medicine and psychiatry. It is well to remember Suzanne Langer's statement: "For the Freudian interpretation, no matter how far it be carried, never offers even the rudest criterion of *artistic* excellence."

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Henry James—sometimes just p'ain "cannibalistic."

Though literary Freudianism furnishes most of the bullets in Geismar's magazine, he has a mixed cartridge belt of sociological determinism (from Taine), biographical speculation (from V. W. Brooks), American xenophobia (from John Birch?), and economic analysis (from Dreiser). And, alas, like so many students of "The Master," all of whom he detests, he himself is led into being entirely too long-winded and repetitious.

That Geismar's book is a bad one is extremely unfortunate. He can be a graceful and amusing writer—when he isn't intent upon the execution of neo-Freudian somersaults. (I must confess, though, that I can't resolve his paradox—if it is one—of how a novel can be "more memorable while you read it than it is afterwards"!) More important, he is partially right for the wrong reasons. He is completely wrong when he champions literature as the spontaneous outpouring of the "unconscious" and when he condemns James for being "too conscious" rather than "unconscious." Criticism *must* deal with the conscious work of the artist; otherwise it is, to use Geismar's term, "masturbatic." But Geismar is more than partially right when he says that the Jamesian canon has become an object of adoration instead of an object of study with too many critics and teachers of writing.

Had he chosen to write a reasoned, selective critique—using the arrows of barbed humor, which he *can* use, rather than the blunderbusses of blunt humorlessness, which he chooses largely to use—Geismar might have placed James in his proper perspective. For, even if James is far from the ultimate and ideal literary artist, there *are* lessons of technique and structure to be learned from him—from both his successes and his failures. Already the "received doctrine" from Percy Lubbock and his successors is being most intelligently questioned, notably by perceptive critics like Sister Kristin Morrison in recent *Texas Studies.* Geismar ill serves the cause of temperate and constructive criticism by mounting hysterical attacks on James and all who have studied his work; after all, people study James, or any other author, for a variety of reasons, positive and negative. And some of the students write good fiction rather than bad criticism.

In *Henry James and the Jacobites* Maxwell Geismar has developed his own TV version of the good guys and the bad guys. It boils down to this epiphany: the only good Injun (read Jacobite) is a dead Injun. *Hi-Oh, Sigmund! Away!*

Coming October 12

SR's Fall Travel Issue

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View of Our Literary Evaluators

Modern American Criticism, *by Walter Sutton (Prentice-Hall. 298 pp. $5.95), advances the need for an intelligent eclecticism in critical method. Emile Capouya is a free-lance writer.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

IS IT an optical illusion only? The closer Walter Sutton comes to our own 1963 in his excellent survey of modern American literary criticism, the more flexible, balanced, judicious, and generally club-able the critics seem to be. It would be enough to renew one's faith in the idea of progress, except that they don't seem to be saying all that much. From another point of view, then, the progress since 1900 is a devolution. The cranks, hardnoses, radicals, and royalists have tended to give way to more resigned types, most of whose passion goes into system-building. Spingarn, Huneker, and Babbitt seem, in contrast, giants in the earth.

Not that the giants were necessarily apostles of light. Irving Babbitt himself, and that lesser Babbitt, Paul Elmer More, were tight-lipped evangelists of a "New Humanism" that was partly the old inhumanism and partly a home-grown Yankee longing to bend the knee to mace and mitre. For the American spirit, broad and general as the casing air, has that element too—the one that in our time animates the luminaries of the *National Review*. I mean, of course, the enthusiasm for a jumped-up, aristocratical three-in-one of Birth, Wealth, and Brains, the only trinity of any consequence ever to admit nasty old money as one of its terms.

Mr. Sutton quotes Santayana's *The Genteel Tradition at Bay*, dissenting from Babbitt and More: "Call it humanism or not, only a morality frankly relative to man's nature is worthy of man, being at once vital and rational, martial and generous; whereas absolutism smells of fustiness as well as of faggots." And the New Conservatives, even more than the New Humanists, remind one of the character in Conrad, an American, who announces himself as "*Catholique, royaliste, et gentilhomme,*" the point being that if you have to announce it, it isn't so. The classic demonstration of that fact is the essay that did for the New Humanism what *Don Quixote* did for books of chivalry—Edmund Wilson's "Paul Elmer More and the Mithraic Bull." Mr. Sutton does not mention the essay, but he has absorbed its spirit, as his fair but faintly ironic account of the New Humanists shows. This book goes on to treat the psychological and "myth" critics (dreadful phrase) who draw their basic insights from Freud and Jung; the radical critics of the Twenties and Thirties (hardly a man is now alive who remembers that Marxist dogmatism was connected with Marxist generosity and desire for social decency, but Mr. Sutton reminds us); the New Critics (Fugitives and others) and the New Aristotelians, who build on such divine simplicities as "Poetry is more serious and more philosophical than history" and "A work of literature must have a beginning, a middle, and an end"—and very good principles they are. These sections are followed by an unsystematic, necessary chapter that deals with such important maverick works as Wellek and Warren's *Theory of Literature*, Northrop Frye's *Anatomy of Criticism*, and Stanley Edgar Hyman's *The Armed Vision*. Finally, Mr. Sutton advances the need for an intelligent eclecticism in critical method, achieved not by a synthesis of all methods in the person of a supercritic, but by a conversation among critics who pursue their special insights while speaking a common technical language.

Mr. Sutton has written a good-tempered and intelligent survey of the literary criticism of our period, one that suggests how the invidious competition of critical schools can be overcome and their separate efforts made to contribute to the common enterprise of talking sense about literature. But one has that "Yarrow Visited" sensation. How much more bracing are the principles sketched by the young critic Eleanor Hakim: Art is inherently radical, because its vision of beautiful order swears at the false order of political and social institutions. Society protects itself in a hundred ways against the radical criticism of art: the middleman (publisher, producer, gallery-owner) establishes a false context for its transmission; the audience is hardened against its message; and, finally, the artist's ability to produce significant art is sapped by the life we all lead and that he shares with us. The critic's business, then, is to separate the radical truth from the yea-saying falsehood and encourage the audience to open its eyes and the artist to be brave, employing the technical equipment that seems best suited to the specific situation. And the time for that is now, while we still dimly remember what art is supposed to be about.

The Anatomy of a Nightingale

Literature and Science, *by Aldous Huxley (Harper & Row. 118 pp. $3.50), attempts to mediate the controversy over the "two cultures." Sir Herbert Read's latest books are "To Hell with Culture" and "The Contrary Experience."*

By HERBERT READ

THE SNOW-LEAVIS controversy about the "two cultures" has left most people bewildered. It raised so much passion that the main issue was obscured, and the partisans of art and the partisans of science retired to their respective camps. Now comes Aldous Huxley with an offer of conciliation. No one is better fitted to see both sides of the question; a member of a family that has contributed so much to our scientific enlightenment, he himself is an artist—a writer with a poetic vision, a sense of reality, and a style distinguished for its grace and clarity.

He begins by asking what is the function of literature, what its psychology, and what the nature of literary language? How do its function, psychology, and language differ from those of science? He answers these fundamental questions very precisely, and then goes on to suggest that whatever the relationship between literature and science in the past or the present, it might well be different in the future.

Let us first note that Mr. Huxley unduly simplifies the problem by restricting one side of the controversy, art, to one kind of art—literature. He

(*Continued on page* 51)

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SR's Check List of Current Books

Art, Architecture

MARCA-RELLI. By H. H. Arnason. Abrams. $25.

THE ROOTS OF JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE. Photographs by Yugio Futagawa. Text by Teiji Itoh. Harper & Row. $25.

Current Affairs

AFRICAN AFFAIRS, No.2. Edited by Kenneth Kirkwood. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $4.25.

CHANGE, HOPE AND THE BOMB. By David E. Lilienthal. Princeton Univ. Press. $3.50.

FIRST AMENDMENT FREEDOMS: Selected Cases on Freedom of Religion, Speech, Press, Assembly. By Milton R. Konvitz. Cornell Univ. Press. $9.75.

THE GERMAN PHOENIX. By William Henry Chamberlin. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $5.95.

MIDDLE EASTERN AFFAIRS, No. 3. Edited by Albert Hourani. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $4.25.

Education

THE AGE OF THE SCHOLAR: Observations on Education in a Troubled Decade. By Nathan M. Pusey. Harvard Univ. Press. $4.50.

RELIGION AND THE SCHOOLS: The Great Controversy. By Paul Blanshard. Beacon. $4.95.

CHAOS IN OUR COLLEGES. By Morris Freedman. McKay. $4.50.

THE REVOLT OF THE COLLEGE INTELLECTUAL. By Everett Lee Hunt. Human Relations Aids. $5.

Essays

THE ENAMELED WISHBONE and Other Touchstones. By Robert Henderson. Macmillan. $4.95.

VERDICTS OUT OF COURT. By Clarence Darrow. Edited by Arthur and Lila Weinberg. Quadrangle. $6.95.

Fiction

THE AGING BOY. By Julian Claman. Doubleday. $4.95.

THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD. By John Scholl. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

CONFUSIONS. By Jack Ludwig. New York Graphic Society. $4.95.

THE GRAIL. By Babs H. Deal. McKay. $4.50.

ICE STATION ZEBRA. By Alistair MacLean. Doubleday. $3.95.

I, KETURAH. By Ruth Wolff. John Day. $4.95.

LOVE IN A LONDON FLAT. By Victor Jones. Lyle Stuart. $3.50.

OTHER WINTERS, OTHER SPRINGS. By Flora Sandstrom. World. $4.95.

OUR LADY OF THE FLOWERS. By Jean Genet. Translated by Bernard Frechtman. Grove. $6.50.

THREAD OF VICTORY. By Helen Lobdell. McKay. $3.25.

THE TOYFAIR. By Neal Faasen. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

THE YOUNG DIVORCEES. By Lissa Charell. Macmillan. $5.95.

History

AMERICANS AND CHINESE: A Historical Essay and a Bibliography. By Kwang-ching Liu. Harvard Univ. Press. $3.50.

CHINA AND CHRISTIANITY: The Missionary Movement and the Growth of Chinese Antiforeignism, 1860-1870. By Paul A. Cohen. Harvard Univ. Press. $7.

THE DEFENSE OF BERLIN. By Jean Edward Smith. Johns Hopkins Univ. Press. $6.95.

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF HABSBURG. By Edward Crankshaw. Viking. $7.50.

THE FIRST TURKISH REPUBLIC: A Case Study in National Development. By Richard D. Robinson. Harvard Univ. Press. $5.95.

FROM METTERNICH TO HITLER: Aspects of British and Foreign History, 1814-1939. Edited by W. N. Medlicott. Barnes & Noble. $5.

FROM WILSON TO ROOSEVELT: Foreign Policy of the United States, 1913-1945. By Jean-Baptiste Duroselle. Translated by Nancy Lyman Roelker. Harvard Univ. Press. $10.

Literary Criticism

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF GOD: Five Nineteenth-Century Writers. By J. Hillis Miller. Harvard Univ. Press. $7.50.

SELECTED PREFACES AND INTRODUCTIONS OF W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. Doubleday. $4.50.

SHAKESPEARE AND CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. By Roland Frye. Princeton University Press. $6.

SPAIN AND THE WESTERN TRADITION: The Castilian Mind in Literature from *El Cid* to Calderón. By Otis H. Green. Univ. of Wisconsin Press. $7.50.

Miscellany

THE ART OF CARVING. By *House & Garden*. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

CHINESE COOKING MADE EASY. By Rosy Tseng. Tuttle. $2.75.

COIN COLLECTING IN A NUTSHELL. By Ted G. Wear. Doubleday. $3.50.

CONSTRUCTIVE ASPECTS OF ANXIETY. Edited by Seward Hiltner and Karl Menninger. Abingdon. $3.50.

FOLKLORE OF THE OIL INDUSTRY. By Mody C. Boatright. Southern Methodist Univ. Press. $5.

THE GIRLS WE LEAVE BEHIND: A Terribly Scientific Study of American Women at Home. By Jerome Beatty, Jr. Doubleday. $3.95.

THE GREAT BEACH. By John Hay. Doubleday. $3.95.

THE PATTERN OF AUSTRALIAN CULTURE. Edited by A. L. McLeod. Cornell Univ. Press. $7.50.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RHETORIC: By George Campbell. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $7.

Music

THE JOSH WHITE SONG BOOK. Text by Robert Shelton. Quadrangle. Hardbound, $6.95. Paperback, $2.95.

Mysteries

ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MIX #18. Edited by Ellery Queen. Random House. $4.95.

RUN SCARED. By Mignon Eberhart. Random House. $3.95.

Personal History

AND SUDDENLY IT'S EVENING. By Mabel Barbee Lee. Doubleday. $3.95.

CHARLES, DUKE OF ORLEANS. By Norma Lorre Goodrich. Macmillan. $5.95.

EDGAR ALLAN POE: The Man Behind the Legend. By Edward Wagenknecht. Oxford Univ. Press. $5.75.

EMPRESS JOSEPHINE. By Ernest John Knapton. Harvard Univ. Press. $6.95.

A HIDDEN WORLD. By Raphael Rupert. World. $4.50.

THE JANOWSKA ROAD. By Leon Weliczker Wells. Macmillan. $4.95.

NEVER CRY WOLF. By Farley Mowat. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $4.95.

THE NOTORIOUS DR. BAHRDT. By Sten Gunnar Flygot. Vanderbilt Univ. Press. $6.50.

ON SAFARI: The Story of a Man's Life in Search of Adventure. By Armand Denis. Dutton. $5.95.

THE REAL FIGARO: The Extraordinary Career of Caron de Beaumarchais. By Cynthia Cox. Coward-McCann. $5.

TAKE ONE STEP. By Evelyn West Ayrault. Doubleday. $4.50.

Religion, Philosophy

BAPTISM AND CONVERSION. By John Baillie. Scribners. $2.95.

BIRTH CONTROL AND CATHOLICS. By Msgr. George A. Kelly. Doubleday. $4.95.

THE FAILURE OF THEOLOGY IN MODERN LITERATURE. By John Killinger. Abingdon. $5.

FAITH AND KNOWLEDGE: The Jew in the Medieval World. Edited by Nahum N. Glatzer. Beacon. $6.

A LAYMAN'S GUIDE TO PROTESTANT WORSHIP. By Homer J. R. Elford. Abingdon. Paperback, 75¢.

THE LIFE OF JESUS. By John Steinmann. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $5.

TO LIGHT A CANDLE: The Autobiography of Father James Keller. Doubleday. $4.50.

PHILOSOPHY IN PROGRESS: Fascicle I. By Paul Weiss. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. Paperback, $1.25.

TOWARDS A THEOLOGICAL UNDERSTANDING OF HISTORY. By Eric C. Rust. Oxford Univ. Press. $6.

Sociology

CALIFORNIA: The New Society. By Remi Nadeau. McKay. $5.50.

THE CENTURY OF SCIENCE. By Watson Davis. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $5.95.

YESTERDAY IN THE HILLS. By Floyd and Charles Watkins. Quadrangle. $4.50.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

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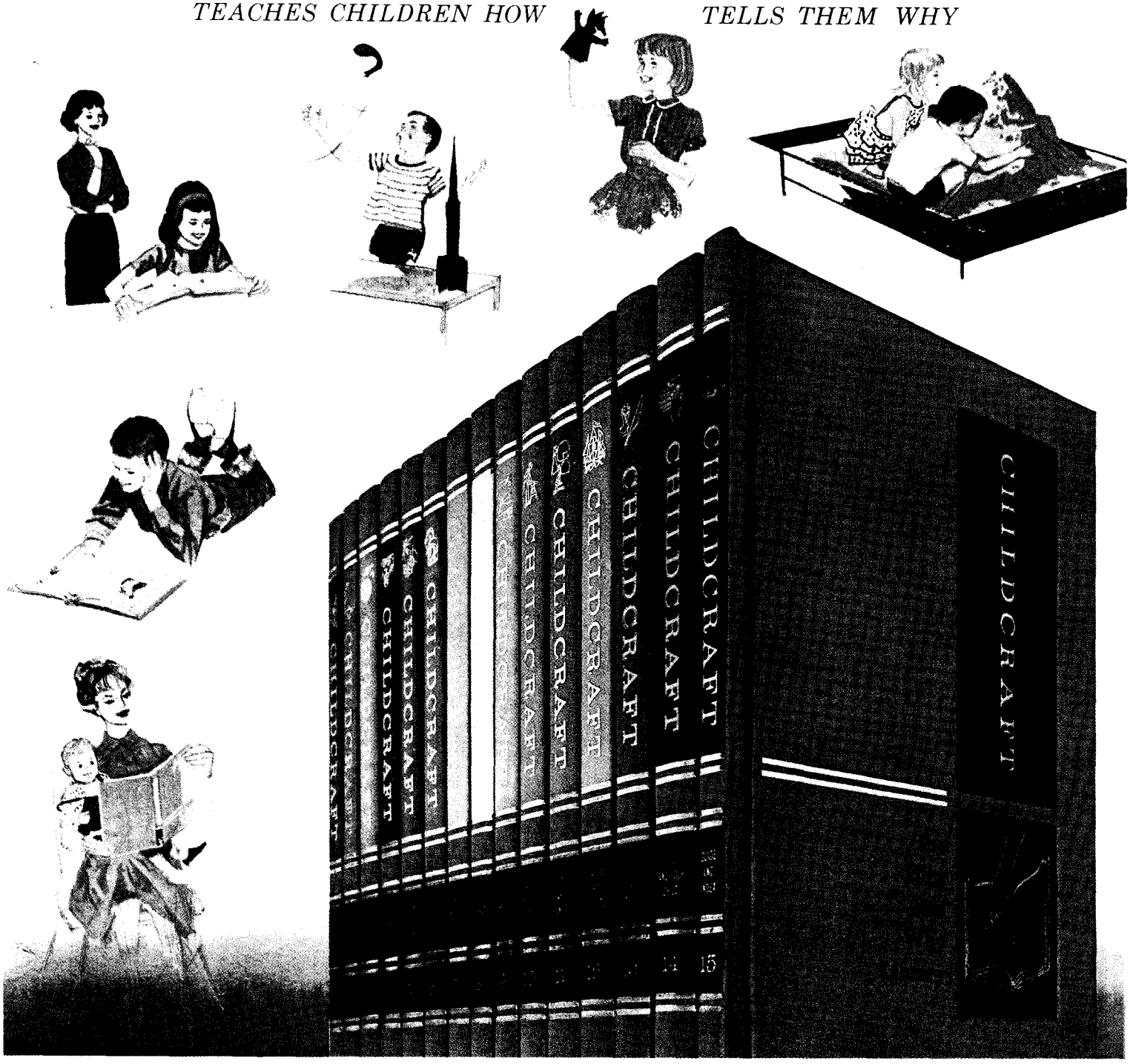

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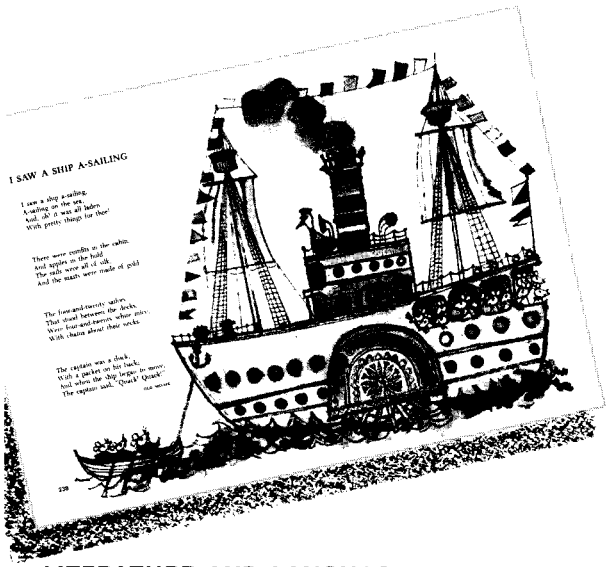

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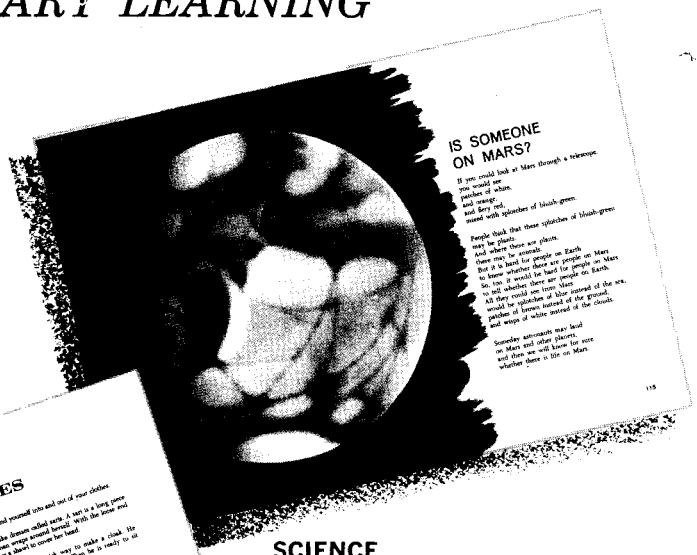

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CHILD GUIDANCE AND CHILD DEVELOPMENT

(NOT ILLUSTRATED HERE)

Vol. 14—You and Your Child
Vol. 15—Guide and Index

These volumes are special guides for teachers and parents prepared by leading authorities in the fields of medicine, child psychology, child guidance, and education. Volume 15 also shows how Childcraft relates to the school curriculum and contains 22 pages of school study guides.

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A VISION

THE EXCLUSIVE CHILDCRAFT *METHOD OF PRESENTATION*

BASES CONTENT SELECTION ON CHILDREN'S INTERESTS

Below is just one of thousands of examples of how content is selected and presented according to the known interests of children. Animals are always interesting to children. Kangaroos are among the especially interesting animals. The single aspect presented here — leaping and jumping — focuses attention on interesting action by an interesting animal—even as it begins to teach a concept.

LEADS CHILDREN THROUGH INTERESTS TO CONCEPTS

All the pages in the information volumes begin by catching a child's existing interest, and leading him to a worthwhile concept. The major concept on the pages below is that some animals rely on jumping to move, and those that do so can jump more effectively than people. Related is the development of respect for animal capabilities, and an elementary exposure to the concept of ratio and proportion, in the descriptions of the distances different animals can jump in comparison with man.

PRESENTS INFORMATION IN SELF-CONTAINED UNITS

Young children skip and flip through books; they seldom turn pages in 1-2-3-4 sequence. To insure that the pages of Childcraft will catch a child's existing interest, and that he will not miss developing new concepts and new curiosities, no matter at which page he opens the books, the editors have consistently presented each self-contained unit of information on a set of two facing pages. Units of information are clustered into sections in the information volumes. The two pages below are part of a section on how animals move. A child will gain unified learning, wherever he turns.

With a hop or a jump

JUMPING WITH LEGS AND TAIL

How high can you jump?—
not as high as a kangaroo!
A kangaroo can jump higher than it is tall
or leap forward three times its length
because it has such powerful legs and feet.
The broad tail of the kangaroo helps it to balance
when it jumps.
If a kangaroo's tail is hurt,
it can't jump well at all.

A HIGH JUMPER

A grasshopper can jump ten times
as high as its body is long.
And it can jump twenty times its length
across the grass.
If you could jump as well,
you could jump over your house.
The grasshopper has wings for flying, too,
but it usually jumps to move.

BEST JUMPER OF ALL

The flea is the best jumper of all animals.
A flea is so small you can hardly see it,
but it can jump the length of your arm in one hop.
If you could jump as well as a flea,
you could jump over a tall office building,
or across a wide river.

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A CREATIVE CONTRIBUTION TO THE EDUCATION OF PRE-SCHOOL AND PRIMARY-GRADE CHILDREN

Organized Around Children's Interests

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Real Substance at an Early Age

The new Childcraft books are information volumes. They supply answers to a child's questions, and provide new and exciting information on subjects he is just beginning to consider. Four volumes introduce him to the broad field of science—information about 200 phenomena of the natural and physical world... words and pictures about more than 400 different animals and 95 different plants, all organized under headings related to the primary interests of young children.

There are insights into our modern world of mass production and automation... fascinating, easy-to-follow explanations of the workings of more than 350 everyday things and machines—all conveyed within the range of a young child's conceptual understanding.

Illustrations are Learning Visuals

Childcraft introduces learners to the widest possible variety of aesthetic techniques while promoting communication. Color enlivens more than 3,000 of its pages. The prize winning art techniques of the 23 winners of the Caldecott Medal for children's illustrations—all the winners since the inception of the award in 1939—are represented. Childcraft contains more than 11,000 illustrations, representing the art of many nations.

A Learning Link Between Home and School

The new Childcraft provides accurate scientific and sociological information at the child's level of information—built-in programs in social studies, science, art, literature and music for the very earliest grades. Proceeding naturally from experience learned in the home, it leads him into the curriculum of the school.

Stimulates Inquiry and Critical Thinking

After a reading experience, the teacher makes her evaluations on the basis of the questions children ask and the problems they are considering. In all areas of the curriculum, the new Childcraft is structured to stimulate inquiry that reflects depth of understanding and new interrelationships.

Pre-Alphabetical Arrangement

Children's initial experiences require materials to promote interest *before* their introduction to the alphabet. To the same degree that an encyclopedia should be *alphabetically* arranged, so should resource material for pre-school and primary-grade children be arranged *topically*, according to children's interests. That is the way Childcraft is arranged.

Provides Motivation for Reading

In using the new Childcraft, the young reader automatically associates reading with doing—he is deeply involved in purposeful activity. The new Childcraft challenges learners from the very beginning... makes the child want to know... establishes independent learning habits and promotes reading readiness.

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Specialists affiliated with the following organizations of national importance have helped to prepare Childcraft.

American Academy of Pediatrics • National Safety Council • American Medical Association • American National Red Cross • The Menninger Foundation • Gesell Institute for Child Development • National Institute of Mental Health • National Society for Crippled Children and Adults • Child Study Association of America • National Congress of Parents and Teachers • The Association for Family Living • Ittelson Center • Yale University Child Study Center • The Merrill-Palmer Institute of Human Development and Family Life • American Institute of Family Relations.

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FICTION

Venality and the Villa

The Battle of the Villa Fiorita, *by Rumer Godden (Viking. 312 pp $5), concerns the efforts of two children to retrieve an errant mother. Hassell A. Simpson is associate professor of English at Hampden-Sydney College and author of a forthcoming book on Rumer Godden's fiction.*

By HASSELL A. SIMPSON

AN ENGLISHWOMAN, divorced for adultery, goes off to an Italian villa with her film-director lover, whom she expects to marry. Two of her children decline to accept their broken home; they run away to follow her across the Continent, intending to bring her home. By means both obvious and insidious they succeed at last, but only after events they could never have foreseen.

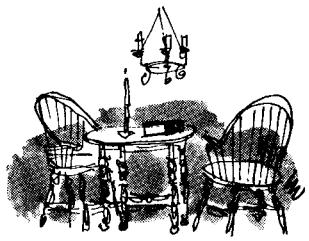
Not very promising material, a cynical reader might say, except for a slick magazine. Yet Rumer Godden's artistry has always kept her work above that implied level, even though she has often found markets in the popular magazines for her stories and novels. In fact, *The Battle of the Villa Fiorita* will be a serial in *The Saturday Evening Post*; it will also be a Book-of-the-Month Club choice and a Reader's Digest Condensed Book. Nor can it easily escape transfiguration as a motion picture, given its guaranteed circulation in print, its resemblance to notorious real-life aairs, and the drama of its confrontations.

Its popularity, however, ought not to blind any reader to the substantial merits of this novel. In an age when grace and charm sometimes seem outdated, Miss Godden's fictions have been consistently graceful and charming. Not that she has flinched from ugly truths; she has simply never found it necessary to serve them up brutally raw. It would be difficult, for instance, to surpass the simultaneous force and restraint of the early scene in which Hugh and Caddie slip into the deserted villa and, scarcely speaking, look into the rooms and bath recently used by their mother and her lover. For the children as for the reader it is "like putting one's hand into a nest and finding it still warm." Exposed thus to the children, who are their mother's harshest judges, the articles scattered about make the absent lovers curiously vulnerable. This painful exposure demonstrates the children's hurt and also prepares a small but necessary reserve of pity for the guilty pair before they appear.

Large segments of the story are told from the adults' viewpoint—but the important growth of character occurs in Hugh and Caddie. They do not become wise or brave or altogether generous; rather, their achievement is more believable. Through Hugh's suffering and Caddie's sacrifice, they move from the egoism of childhood toward an adult awareness of others. This awareness, Miss Golden suggests, is a condition of adulthood: a woman has no right to seek her own happiness at the expense of her children's well-being.

Admirers of Miss Godden's earlier novels will find here much that is familiar and pleasing. Like Dhilkusha, China Court, the General's Palace, and Hôtel des Oeillets, the Dane house, and other fictional dwellings, the Villa Fiorita has a character of its own; like them, it refuses to be much altered by its feminine residents. In it the author again has taken loving inventory of china and glass, furniture and rugs, paintings and flowers and linens.

Here, too, are familiar secondary themes: an independent, somewhat foolish Englishwoman placed in an exotic and eventually hostile setting; neglected children; conflicting cultures; an artist's devotion to his art; and the triumph of instinct over knowledge. Finally, there are familiar references to India, to gardens, to Gypsies, to the hours of the religious day, and to the physical pangs of puberty.



Old readers and new may rebel against excessively significant proper names: the unfaithful wife is called Fanny and the homewrecker is Rob. Too, the time shifts are sometimes signaled by an irritating mannerism; there are three "afterwards" clauses on the first page alone. But these are trifling objections in views of Miss Godden's high accomplishment. Without descending to bathos, she has made the children's loss immediate and moving, believable and true.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

WORD MERGERS

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to add the correct word in Column Two to one of the fifteen words in Column One, thereby making another word with an entirely different meaning from its component parts and, in the majority of cases, different pronunciations. For example: *war* and *rant* become *warrant*. Answers on page 51.

1. Ant	( ) Act
2. Bran	( ) Away
3. Car	( ) Cute
4. Counter	( ) Dish
5. Gram	( ) Diction
6. Heat	( ) Elope
7. Hem	( ) End
8. Male	( ) Hen
9. Off	( ) Ion
10. Opera	( ) Lock
11. Part	( ) Mar
12. Plea	( ) Ridge
13. Prose	( ) State
14. Quest	( ) Sure
15. Rein	( ) Tor

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A War Well Calculated to Keep You in Suspense

—Wolfgang Oschatz.

J. Klein-Haparash—"supreme irony."

He Who Flees the Lion, *by J. Klein-Haparash, translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston (Atheneum. 650 pp. $7.95), set in the Middle Europe of early World War II, bristles with espionage, smuggling, assassinations, and amours. Harry T. Moore is research professor at Southern Illinois University, for whose press he edits Crosscurrents/Modern Critiques.*

By HARRY T. MOORE

THE SETTING of this novel flicks the interest at once: Middle Europe in the early months of World War II. Flashbacks bring in Vienna, Zurich, and other places, but the main action occurs in the Russian-occupied part of Poland and in a Rumania which Hitler's agents are wooing.

It is important to stress these backgrounds because they make possible the particular kind of story the book tells, one bristling with intrigue as the people who are caught between the magnetic forces of the Soviet Union and Nazi Germany engage in smuggling, love affairs, and assassinations. If anti-Semitism appears so does its opposite, with non-Jews undertaking strenuous risks to save Jews; and in the light of recent history most readers will find this last activity gratifying.

Out of the jangle of events in this huge novel two principal characters emerge. One of them is a Rumanian landowner, horseman, and citizen of the world, Ludovic (Lutz) Alda, who remains firm-nerved through the most harrowing experiences. The other is Mira Rosen, an auburn-haired Jewish beauty from the Vienna slums, who marries into a Rothschild-like family. After its members arrange for her to have a Liza Doolittle polishing (in London, too!), she proves herself to be a financial wizard who can commandingly devise family policy. And when she becomes associated—but let's not spoil the story, which contains a mammoth surprise. The sooner the reader-detective discovers what this is, the more pleased he will be at his own discernment. His pleasure may even cause him to overlook the author's failure to handle all the structural problems of the story adequately, to resolve many of the situations the plot raises. For the book cries out for a coda of some kind, even if only a Victorian-style epilogue.

While the story is in progress, however, few readers will think of complaining about terminal considerations as the narrative switches them breathlessly across great spaces. The pictures of Rumanian upper-class life are an energetic evocation of a world now lost; the story of the family of international financiers is given an interesting new fillip when Mira finds a way to meet the threat of war, and the long concluding sections of the book deal with the establishment of a *kolkhoz* (collective farm) in Poland. In this last part the author crowns his story with a supreme irony, for the collective enterprise is kept going not by its Communist officials but by its underground participants. The latter include refugees with disguised identities, who use the farm as a hiding place, and a spy whose real function is to harvest information.

These people are capable of disinterested creative activity, but their efforts on behalf of the *kolkhoz* are continually thwarted by the politicians, who are not agricultural experts and who have an "I'll-denounce-you-if-you-don't-denounce-me-first" obsession. The author is at his most creative here, bringing the community, with all its weird contrasts, dynamically to life. And his irony operates neatly because his sympathetic characters virtually prompt the reader to root for their attempts to make this collective farm work despite Soviet obstructions.

Throughout, the most important element in the book is espionage, that product which thrives so lustily in Middle Europe. A native of the area, Joseph Conrad, showed (in *The Secret Agent* and *Under Western Eyes*) that spy stories can have psychological depth; and the present book has this at times, although the author too often sacrifices depth as well as character in order to keep the intrigues going. Yet *He Who Flees the Lion* is more than an elongated spy thriller, however much it depends upon the masks of deception, the mechanism of suspense, and the chemistry of coincidence. This is a multilevel story of a place and a time, written with a comprehensive humanity and an authoritative knowledge that illuminate not only the six months of the narrative but much that has happened since then and will continue to happen. More than most books of its kind, this is a tale for our time, with its lessons writ large across highly effective dramatizations.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1052

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1052 will be found in the next issue.

R MGPES ERHC QEE NV ERYC RK KGKXDQEQKXC QKS RKBGPXRQKXC MCFC RI KGI YGF NQZRKL Q ERHRKL, MDRXD RB FQIDCF Q KGPXRQKXC.

G. KQBD

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1051

Systems die; instincts remain.
—OLIVER W. HOLMES.

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The Shore Leaves of Lord Nelson

***Sir William,** by David Stacton (Putnam. 352 pp. $5.95), stars Lady Hamilton's husband, but Emma still steals the show. Aileen Pippett wrote "The Moth and the Flame," a life of Virginia Woolf.*

By AILEEN PIPPETT

"WHICH Sir William?" "British Ambassador to Naples in the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies; art collector, antiquarian. His likeness is probably in the National Portrait Gallery near Trafalgar Square, while his wife can be seen on pennies, backing the British sovereign. With helmet, corselet, shield, and trident, she is a trim and handsome Britannia Ruling the Waves. This gaudy get-up was her contribution to the ceremonial welcome to Nelson, victor of the Battle of the Nile." "Oh, *that* Sir William! There was a great romance, wasn't there, and a famous *ménage à trois*. The story from the husband's angle should be good."

It is, though not in the way you might expect. There is no passion here, only the attitudes Lady Hamilton made so fashionable. Sir William has the title role, but Emma steals the show. He was already old when he acquired her from his pinch-penny nephew; she was all of seventeen, with a disreputable past, but indubitably an art object. She was tractable, imitative, amoral, and almost sexless, a Galatea more vital than any Pygmalion, a living doll—or, as Sir William put it when recovering consciousness after a stroke, "God's masterpiece, a silly woman."

All the same, she was practical in an emergency, and what with the French Revolution and Napoleon there were apt to be emergencies in Naples. Also, her mother was an excellent plain cook, English style—another desirable object to be collected. So after five years they were married. Then Nelson turned up, first minus an eye, and later minus an arm, "a thin, pale, jaundiced . . . balding little man with a limp. On board ship, he was the great man. Anywhere else, he was all at sea." Emma was a fat and jolly hoyden, though in Naples she could pass for a lady, having learned how it was done, and rarely dropping an aitch. Years passed before the heroic Admiral brought himself to declare, "I can no longer contain myself." Emma was thirty-five and enormous when little Horatia was born. Then came the triumphal return to England, where poor old Sir William died with "Nelson to hold one hand and Emma the other"—and Nelson was off to the wars again.

This is how David Stacton tells the story—but with an air. His style is brisk, elliptical, jaunty, and attractive. He delights in juxtaposing incongruities, thus pricking the reader into appreciating the ironies he so delicately does not underline. He is a great "as though" man; sometimes his images are felicitous, other times startling. He weights his tale occasionally with apothegms as doughy as dumplings, or else scatters quips like confetti; but they are always in keeping with character and period. Vesuvius erupts, the streets of Naples run with blood, treasure ships are sunk; but in between battles flutes and cellos sound on Nelson's quarterdeck, Emma trills her ballads and eats prodigiously, while Sir William has indigestion in peace. Mountains of memoirs and letters have been absorbed to give the right effect of frivolity or to support the more grotesque and repulsive incidents. This is history seen through a lorgnette. As fiction it is vastly entertaining.

David Stacton—"brisk, elliptical, jaunty."

Descendants on the Ascendance

***The Living Reed,** by Pearl S. Buck (John Day. 478 pp. $6.95), tells a panoramic story of four generations of a noble Korean family. William Clifford, a member of the India Council of the Asia Society, spent six months in Asia last year as an American specialist for the Department of State.*

By WILLIAM CLIFFORD

IN 1883 the United States ratified a treaty of amity and commerce with Korea, recognizing Korea's independence and promising "an amicable arrangement" in case of outside interference or oppression. Chinese influence in Korea had recently declined, and Korea was looking for someone to protect her from the Japanese and Russians. We were looking for trade.

Japan soon won the struggle with Russia and moved into Korea. In 1905 Secretary of War William Howard Taft signed a secret agreement in Tokyo giving Korea to Japan, provided Japan kept hands off the Philippines and did not try to stop American trade in Manchuria. President Theodore Roosevelt declared openly: "Korea is absolutely Japan's."

Woodrow Wilson aroused the hopes of Koreans, as he did of other small nations, when he declared the self-determination of peoples, but the promise was not fulfilled. During the Second World War, which Koreans regarded as their war of liberation from half a century of Japanese occupation, Franklin Roosevelt proposed that Korea be placed under the trusteeship of China, the United States, and one or two other nations, rather than restored to freedom. (Russia as usual had other plans.) When the American military government arrived in 1945, the surrendering Japanese forbade Koreans to meet with Americans, and they shot down a group that appeared at Inchon with flowers and flags to welcome the liberators. The American general commended the Japanese for "controlling the mob."

Anyone who thought that our in-

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—*Clara E. Sipprell.*
Pearl S. Buck—fifty-six titles.

volvement in Korea began with the Korean War needs to know this much of recent history. In Pearl Buck's fifty-sixth published book, a novel called *The Living Reed*, this is a small part of a panoramic story of a modern Korea told with impressive documentation, authentic background, and sympathy.

Any unfamiliarity in setting and historical event may for most readers be compensated for by the novel's familiar, old-fashioned style of storytelling. Four generations of a noble Korean family are portrayed, from 1881, when they were advisers to the king and queen, down to their unhappy division on the eve of the Korean War, when one grandson is a Mission-trained doctor and another a Russian-trained agitator. "Living Reed" is the name given to the father of the Communist, a man who fought for freedom during the Japanese occupation. It symbolizes the faith that a new supply of men to continue the struggle will spring up, like bamboo reeds, in the place of those who are cut down.

One regrets that this greatly respected author's use of the arts of fiction can hit so much farther from the mark than her feeling for Asians and her detailing of Asian history. It isn't very important that she makes the mistake of saying that Pearl Harbor Day was December 7th in Korea. (As in Japan, it was the 8th.) It is more difficult to have to accept, at the end of *The Living Reed*, a character named Mariko who seems to belong in *Terry and the Pirates*. She is a kind of Dragon Lady, part Japanese, part Chinese, and part English, who dances in the Japanese theatre in Seoul during wartime, sometime around the winter of 1944-45, yet can leave when she likes to fly direct to London, Paris, and New York, carrying letters to Korean leaders in exile. "I speak the language wherever I am . . . I dance. I am an artist . . . I belong to no country—and every country."

Picaros in Montreal: In his first novel, *The Favorite Game* (Viking, $4.50), the young Canadian poet Leonard Cohen has created a kind of interior-picaresque novel, extraordinarily rich in language, sensibility and humor. As in the traditional picaresque tale, his hero is a rogue, though an essentially good-natured one. However, his adventures are primarily those of the spirit (even though occasioned by the flesh). Lawrence Breavman, the young, well-to-do Jewish poet with whom Mr. Cohen is concerned appears to be that familiar figure the maverick artist, rebellious and restlessly in search of his soul. His search is carried on in the time-honored fashion—that is, from bed to bed.

Nevertheless, it is clear from the first page that we are in the hands of a genuine poet. The method is oblique, lyrical, and condensed. The childhood flirtations, the death of a father never really understood, the whining and self-pity of the mother, the oceanic emotions of adolescence—all are sharply etched with original imagery and wit. It is pleasant proof that conventionality of material need never dictate conventional treatment.

Mr. Cohen traces his poet from childhood to young manhood in a series of short, quickly shifting scenes. Breavman and his personal Sancho Panza, Krantz, treat every phenomenon around them to bright and sympathetic dissection. As Jewish boys from the "fancy" section of Westmount in Montreal, they have brushes with the surrounding French Canadian *goyim*, from which they emerge bruised but amused. Breavman hypnotizes Heather, the family maid, and, fumblingly, molests her. When she awakens and realizes what has happened she speaks with genuine admiration. "Jewish people," she sighs. "Education." Other incidents follow, principally sexual, but never without pointed observation. The vignettes grow more serious in tone as Breavman's "sentimental education" continues. He and Krantz take divergent roads, Breavman's to school in New York, where he meets Shell. She is his one genuine romance, his Connecticut Yankee—the *shiksa* who seems to be the destiny of so many Jewish *picaros* in contemporary fiction. However, she is not his final destination. The journey of discovery has not yet run its course.

In spite of the gift for narration and character delineation revealed in these pages, the total effect is, finally, somewhat insubstantial. Mr. Cohen has told his personal story in a succession of loose, brilliant sketches, often vague in their direction. Perhaps next time he will weave a tale that will more firmly bear the weight of his undoubted talents. —Daniel Stern.

Near East Mosaic: Is there still room for the merely interesting story, the sort of story that you or I might casually tell without injuring our amateur standing and without invoking the professional novelist's privilege of seeing into his characters? That is the question that, in effect, Edwin Samuel asks in *My Friend Musa and Other Stories* (Abelard-Schuman, $4). The answer, I fear, is: not very much.

Mr. Samuel is a professional civil servant of the State of Israel and an amateur of the art of fiction—though not, in the old phrase, a gifted amateur. He has observed some curious events in Israel and elsewhere in the Near East, and he tells us about them. This is an admirable intention, and it is fulfilled. But Mr. Samuel usually writes from the outside, recording happenings but not creating people. While the happenings are often curious enough we are offered no insights, no complications, no surprises originating in character. With a suspicious uniformity Mr. Samuel gets his climaxes out of impersonal events, like automobile accidents and wars; along came the Sinai campaign, we are told every so often, and that lifts the characters out of the rut from which the author cannot otherwise save them.

Consider "The Rock of Armenia," about a hardshelled old fellow whose zeal for property survives many changes of authority. Does that sound like the beginning of a promising story? Wrong: it *is* the story. Or take the title piece, about an Arab who is sufficiently flexible to profit from the stubbornness of some of the world's great forces. Certain property is placed in his name to keep it out of the hands of the Russians, and, of course, he appropriates it. We learn nothing more about Musa, any more than we do about the acquisitive old Armenian.

Still, there are a few stories that seem directly built upon the study of character; they tend to be exemplary tales, like "Bachelor at Law," or quiet accounts of pallid personalities, like "The Evening of Life." The comic stories—"Beautiful City" and "Brainputers, Inc."—have their bright spots, like the modern mosaic in which football is "represented by a bandaged umpire." But even here Mr. Samuel substitutes incidents and details for any effort at a larger effect. Fine material, fine details, inferior stories. —Henry Popkin.

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POET'S MENTOR

The Stamp of a Heroic Life

Robert Frost with Louis Untermeyer—to a master player, perennially available.

The Letters of Robert Frost to Louis Untermeyer *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 388 pp. $7), afford a remarkable opportunity of seeing the poet's imagination in all its wit and verbal play. James M. Cox is a member of the English Department at Dartmouth College.*

By JAMES M. COX

OF ALL the books Louis Untermeyer has edited, this collection of Robert Frost's letters to him over a period of almost fifty years is probably the most valuable. It brings us not simply a skilful organization of existing material but a revelation of Frost's life and writing which, except for Untermeyer's presence, would not have existed—would not have existed because there would have been no such presence to release Frost to his disclosures and no one to edit these letters so well.

For make no mistake—these letters are remarkably edited. Untermeyer chose not to include his own letters, putting in their stead links of commentary to recover the lost connections. Always interesting and often incisive, the commentary provides enough narrative context to give emphasis to the letters and enough information to illuminate them. Untermeyer is interested neither in revealing nor concealing himself, but in making the letters fully available to the reader; and one cannot help feeling that this editorial capacity is only an aspect of the personal quality that enabled him to make himself perennially available to Frost and secure these letters from the long encounter.

If the volume implicitly reveals Untermeyer as a remarkable editor, it explicitly reveals Frost as a remarkable writer. This does not mean that secret passageways are disclosed or that private guilts and deeds are laid bare. Such discoveries, if they exist, will have to await the insight and scholarship of a critical biographer. These letters instead reinforce the character of Robert Frost we have known almost since the beginning. They are, after all, fatally in Frost's style; and for Frost style is not so much the man as it is the character. He observes at one point to Untermeyer:

> I am not satisfied to let it go with the aphorism that the style is the man. The man's ideas would be some element then of his style. So would his deeds. But I would narrow the definition. His deeds are his deeds, his ideas are his ideas. His style is the way he carries himself toward his ideas and deeds. . . . The style is out of his superfluity. It is the mind skating circles around itself as it moves forward.

Style is thus not a way of saying, or even seeing, but an attitude of bearing, and the ultimate pleasure of reading these letters is to see and feel in their style how Frost carried himself toward his life and thought.

His carriage throughout is one of austere yet easy play—austere not out of piety or solemnity or sternness, but in purity of self-awareness; easy not out of evasion or fear of difficulty, but in sheer grace, which is to say economy of power. Above all, play. As he was in poetry, Frost was in prose the master player, and his chief role from the beginning was himself. He was the character, his art the play. These letters make clear more emphatically and continuously than any previous evidence how fully Frost's imagination realized itself in wit and verbal play. Ranging from extravagant punning to whimsical teasing to garrulous tall tale to incisive parody or ridicule to the most fanciful flights of logic and metaphor, Frost shows at every turn his mind skating around itself as it moves forward. Instead of reducing his field of vision his play actually enlarges it, giving him much greater freedom with his material and at the same time providng a means of controlling it.

Frost needed all the control his play could provide, for his life did not run the genial course some of his readers may imagine. To be sure, he had his successes and was surrounded by the waves of adulation his admirers unstintingly poured forth. Yet he was lonely, suspicious, often quick to take offense. In the early years, despite the generous praise he received from many quarters, he still tended to see the world as an enemy encampment bent on his destruction, and called upon Untermeyer to protect him from his foes. His extreme sensitivity to criticism led him to turn the most caustic invective upon his detractors, and his relentless ambition caused him to look upon his contemporaries as intense and almost personal rivals.

When indisputable success finally came, Frost was dogged by personal tragedy in the form of the death, madness, and suicide that ravaged his entire family, leaving only one of his children to survive him. Neither the experience of tragedy nor Frost's sense of responsi-

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bility in it is repressed in these letters. All is unswervingly recorded—often with a starkly cool directness that is breathtaking. But the suffering, remorse, and grief are so economized and compressed that, instead of standing in bold relief, these tragedies are subdued by Frost's inimitable style.

For it was the style, not the tragedy, that was Frost's fate. That style, perfected from the moment of Frost's appearance as a poet on the world's great stage, was the ultimate form all his experience had to take. When he was bereft of his wife, who had shared so much of his poetic life with him, he wrote to Untermeyer: "I am so quickened by what has happened that I can't touch my mind with a memory of any kind. I can't touch my skin anywhere with my finger but it hurts like a sad inspiration." In the midst of desolation he remained the complete poet, aware that even his darkest grief was fatally inspiration.

His courage to be the complete poet made Frost's act of life heroic. Unafraid to take hold of the power of his inspiration, he gave himself so utterly to poetry that his life assumed the form that the unity of a powerful style wrought upon it. His enduring performance represents nothing less than the poetic imagination's recovery of the power of fancy it had lost at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

These letters, affording as they do the remarkable opportunity of seeing that imagination at its supple and easy play among the possibilities of existence, are a triumph for the man who wrote them and for the friend who received them.

Portrait of Poetic Justice

Dear Preceptor: The Life and Times of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, *by Anna Mary Wells (Houghton Mifflin. 363 pp. $6), insists that Emily Dickinson's oft-disdained mentor both recognized and encouraged the genius of his "scholar." Edith Perry Stamm is a member of the English Department of the University of New Mexico.*

By EDITH PERRY STAMM

CERTAINLY it is time that the figure of Thomas Wentworth Higginson emerged out of the overwhelming shadow of his "scholar," Emily Dickinson, so that the world might see the man behind the "preceptor" as he really was, and not as zealous Dickinson critics have unfairly judged him.

Miss Wells has undertaken her vindication in the face of a traditionally disdainful attitude towards the preceptor, voiced as early as 1892 by Alice James, one of Dickinson's first enthusiastic admirers, who wrote in her journal shortly after the first volume of poems had appeared, "Her being sicklied o'er with T. W. Higginson makes one quake lest there be a latent flaw which escapes one's vision."

Dickinson scholars since have not attempted to redress the grievance; instead they have added to it, accusing the preceptor of failing to recognize the genius of his poet-scholar, of failing to gain for her the worldly recognition she deserved during her lifetime, and of failing to present her properly to the world after her death. (The last complaint springs mostly from a mid-twentieth-century horror of the "gross editorializing" that characterized the first two editions of Dickinson's poetry, a fault usually attributed to Higginson rather than his co-editor, Mabel Loomis Todd.)

Against these charges Miss Wells presents her defense by attempting to prove, within the framework of his life story, that Higginson, with a poet's sensitivity, both recognized and encouraged the genius of his scholar and was largely responsible for preserving that genius for the world. In an interesting chapter concerned with the first publication of the Dickinson manuscripts, Miss Wells portrays Higginson's co-editor from an altogether different point of view from the one selected by Mrs. Todd's daughter in *Ancestor's Brocade*: we see Mrs. Todd as the "gross offender" responsible for most of the editorial changes and Higginson as the poet's champion, resisting the changes as much as his gentleman's nature would allow.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Thomas Wentworth Higginson—a rather faulty record righted.

As she describes the fascinating poet-preceptor relationship, Miss Wells forces her reader to ponder several significant questions that have not yet been satisfactorily answered by Dickinson scholars. First, if the poet did not profit from her long correspondence with her preceptor (even to her death), why did she choose to continue it? And why did she state so clearly early in their correspondence that her friend had saved her life? Further, why did she choose Higginson for her preceptor in the first place? We are made to understand that Dickinson followed Higginson's career closely; if she felt disgust with his prolific writing or his never-ceasing liberal activities (as Unitarian minister, staunch Abolitionist, leader of a Negro regiment in the Civil War, and active defender of equal rights for women and the Negro) how could she have continued to open her mind and heart to him? All these questions, and more, Miss Wells indirectly answers for us, as deftly as she puts them, to right a rather faulty record.

However, Emily Dickinson was not the center of Higginson's life, and she is not, at least outwardly, the center of this biography. Although a high point of Miss Wells's book is her concise and excellent assessment of Dickinson's life, several other chapters focusing directly on events of Higginson's life and his part in the fracas over the Dickinson manuscripts offer good reading indeed.

But somewhere in the middle of her story, as she becomes increasingly protective of her subject, Miss Wells begins to lose the casual humor with which she has been able to treat Higginson's youthful (and sometimes perennial) weaknesses; and, although she never strays too far from her source material and her good sense, and never stoops to any subjective probing for motivation, we wonder whether the rather vindictive portraits of Higginson's first invalid wife and of his co-editor are wholly justified. Nevertheless, the portrait of the man himself is an excellent one, one that goes far to prove the poet's choice of preceptor both judicious and fortunate.

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In the Beginning There Is a Key Word

Teacher, *by Sylvia Ashton-Warner (Simon & Schuster. 224 pp. $5), reveals how in a little prefab schoolhouse where the author taught Maoris she discovered a bridge between vastly different cultures. Lucy Sprague Mitchell is a founder and president emeritus of Bank Street College of Education. Among her books for children and teachers are "Here and Now Story Book" and "Our Children and Our Schools."*

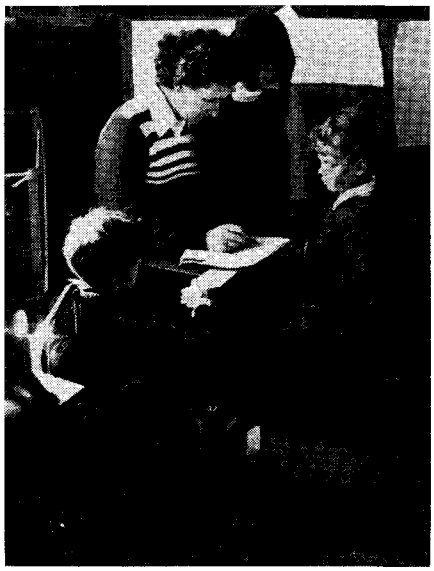
By LUCY SPRAGUE MITCHELL

INCREDIBLY, Sylvia Ashton-Warner has produced another book as fresh and significant as her first one, the novel *Spinster.* Like it, the locale for *Teacher* is her New Zealand Infant School (a kindergarten with a lower and upper grade), from which she resigned seven years ago. There she instructed Maori and white children in the three R's through her Creative Teaching Scheme, described here. But, fundamentally, this book, which was written for an American public, is about human relations between children and adults and between differing cultures.

"For black, for white, for yellow and brown," she writes, "the Creative Teaching Scheme is universal.

". . . The method of teaching any subject in a Maori infant room may be seen as a plank in a bridge from one culture to another, and to the extent that this bridge is strengthened may a Maori in later life succeed. This transition made by Maori children is often unsuccessful. At a tender age a wrench occurs from one culture to another, from which, either manifestly or subconsciously, not all recover. And I think that this circumstance has some little bearing on the number of Maoris who, although well educated, seem neurotic, and on the number who retreat to the mat."

Miss Ashton-Warner begins with "first words," which, she observes, have intense meaning for a child. She gets these first, or key, words from each child in informal talk with him about what he likes to do or think about. Then she prints this word, no matter how long it is, on a large, tough card, which



—*From the book.*

Sylvia Ashton-Warner—the three R's through a Creative Teaching Scheme.

she gives to him to keep. At a glance he learns and never forgets what these queer marks mean. In short, he reads the word. And soon he prints it. Thus he begins the nucleus of a reading vocabulary of his own.

To the child each word carries an image. So she gives him paper and crayons, and he draws a picture that has meaning to him. It is *his* illustration. Initially the word seems to him a sentence—a story. When he starts to write a real story, for the first time he needs and asks for connective words to build a sentence structure. Finally, *his* illustrated stories are bound into *his* book. Now he is a proud five-year-old who loves to read and write.

"I can't," says Miss Ashton-Warner, "disassociate the activity in an infant room from peace and war. So often I have seen the destructive vent, beneath an onslaught of creativity, dry up under my eyes. Especially with the warlike Maori five-year-olds who pass through my hands in hundreds, arriving with no thought in their heads other than to take, break, fight and be first. With no opportunity for creativity they may well develop, as they did in the past, with fighting as their ideal of life. Yet all this can be expelled through the creative vent . . .

"Inescapably war and peace wait in an infant room; wait and vie. . . . My concern is the rearing of the creative disposition, for creativity in this crêche of living where people can still be changed must in the end defy, if not defeat, the capacity for destruction."

I've been told that her "organic" reading and writing were tried with a group of illiterate boys and their parents in a new African nation, and that they all learned with the same ease as her Little Ones. The potential contribution that Miss Ashton-Warner's organic teaching suggests is truly immense.

She tells us a handsome, colorful new school has been built, and her raftered, little "prefab" torn down. She returns for a visit. Older children she has taught, now quiet and respectful, rise at a signal to greet her. In the infant room she looks at the "first words" from an imported reader that the young teacher has printed on the blackboard. Not one word suggests Maori life. She slips silently away.

For all those in close touch with children this original book is invaluable. Compassionate but unsentimental, informal and frank, it should be a delight to others who simply enjoy meeting vicariously a vivid personality.

"At a tender age a wrench occurs from one culture to another."

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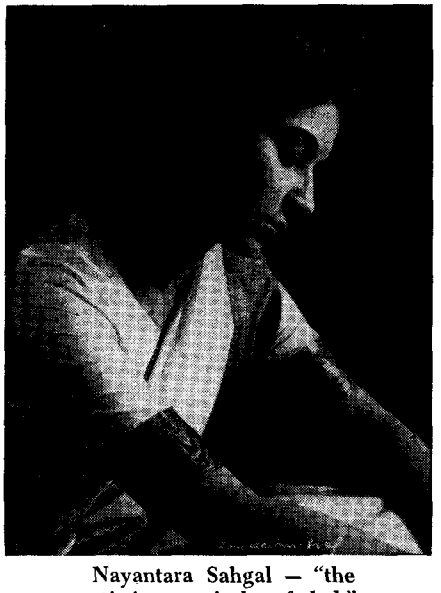
A Merchant After an Indian Chief

From Fear Set Free, *by Nayantara Sahgal (Norton. 240 pp. $4.50), continues the autobiography of Nehru's niece, heiress to a crusading tradition, who chose a life of domestic tranquillity. Margaret Parton, a former foreign correspondent, covered the assassination of Mahatma Gandhi and the murderer's trial.*

By MARGARET PARTON

A GENERATION ago fashionable young Indian women were marching in the streets, defying the British, getting themselves thrown into jail in the cause of freedom. But what are today's young women to do, now that freedom has been won, and nothing more exciting than nation-building is going on? Well, get married. Have babies. And turn out a book or two while the ayah sees to the children.

It's all rather sad, really, and perhaps even more so in the case of Nayantara Sahgal, whose uncle is Jawaharlal Nehru and whose mother is Vijayalakshmi Pundit. *Their* banners still fly, of course, but they are almost at the horizon; the stirring music to which they marched has faded. The young can listen for the echoes, but cannot follow. Nor have they yet new music of their own. Not that Mrs. Sahgal says any of this explicitly. But it is certainly suggested by this continuation of the autobiography she began a few years ago with *Prison and Chocolate Cake.* In fact, almost everything that might have been of real interest is implied rather than discussed.



Nayantara Sahgal — "the stirring music has faded."

After her graduation from Wellesley College in 1947 she returned to India and lived with her uncle, who was mopping up the aftermath of the partition riots. Nehru remains a shadowy figure; but we are given a vivid impression of the Gymkhana Club, where the author met the young Punjabi businessman she chose to marry. It was, she admits, a theoretically unsuitable marriage, and she was worried.

"I should shift from a world where men wore Gandhi caps and Indian clothes made of hand-spun cloth to that of European suits and ties, from orange juice . . . to the cocktail circuit, from an outlook that considered these things natural to one that was baffled by them, from the atmosphere of a political crusade to one of commerce."

So what happened to this tug-of-war and to the marriage? All we know is that there were two children (three, according to the jacket), that they live in Bombay, that thanks to sufficient servants Mrs. Sahgal is often free to visit her mother at her various foreign posts or to interview sherpas in Darjeeling. And near the end she is asking Nehru what makes a successful marriage.

"It is important never to hurt one another deliberately," he answers. "And it is important always to leave the way open to talk."

She is more forthright on the subject of her mother, but still the relationship between the famous and dynamic older woman and her quiet, home-centered daughter remains elusive. "Hurry, a word that for me splintered serenity into sharp fragments, was the key word of her existence." And: "A porcelain figurine, a fine, embroidered handkerchief, scented soap, or tea served in shell-like, transparently delicate china reminded me of her."

Somehow one feels there is more to say about the powerful, politically active older Nehrus and the domesticated, faintly morose younger generation of the family. But Mrs. Sahgal, in this glamorous variation of the familiar housewife's diary, hasn't even begun to say it.

An Untroubled Tribal Time

The Ochre People: Scenes from a South African Life, *by Noni Jabavu (St. Martin's. 261 pp. $4.95), reveals a little-known dimension of African culture as the author, a Xhosa who married an Englishman, recounts a visit to her native country. Charles Miller, a free-lance writer, specializes in African affairs.*

By CHARLES MILLER

NONI JABAVU possesses singular credentials as a writer on African affairs, since she can view her subject through both the microscope of the indigenous inhabitant and the wide-angle lens of the outside observer. Of South African Xhosa tribal descent, Miss Jabavu is the granddaughter of her country's first Bantu newspaper publisher and the daughter of an eminent professor of languages at Fort Hare Native University. She herself married an Englishman and makes her home in London, where she is prominent in literary circles. Several years ago, in her deeply perceptive *Drawn in Color,* she introduced readers to her distinguished Xhosa family. Now, in *The Ochre People,* she has given us what is not only a warm personal narrative of childhood scenes revisited but a brilliantly drawn picture of an utterly captivating sociey.

The Ochre People reveals a little-known dimension of nonwhite life in South Africa: the preservation of national traditions and dignity in the face of the country's grinding racial attrition. Miss Jabavu takes us on a guided tour of the quaint, turn-of-the-century world of the "westernized" Xhosa, whose way of life rests on a foundation of unhurried, engagingly old-fashioned values. Visiting her father in the quiet, academic-rural atmosphere of his Eastern Cape homestead, the reader meets senior citizens who favor Victorian-Edwardian garb, root for Afrikaner cricket teams, and enjoy warm friendships with older members of the

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Noni Jabavu — "a tremendous joy in her tribal heritage."

white community, remembering a time when racial harmony prevailed in their land. (However, as one graybeard remarks, "If there is no law against that kind of neighborliness, wait till Verwoerd hears about it.") At her uncle's farm in the Transkei, one is struck by the wholesome, pastoral tang of the place—and by a mild apprehension lest some rule of rigid tribal protocol be violated; for this is a society in which the "big people" expect and receive unquestioning obedience from the younger generation, which in turn is seen but not heard. (Although she herself has a nearly adult daughter, Miss Jabavu must still treat her elders with ceremonial deference.) Her visit to "Big Mother" in a Johannesburg "location," evokes in one a sense of dumbfounded amazement that the home of the family matriarch somehow manages to exude the urbane elegance of a salon in surroundings that by comparison raise East Harlem and the Warsaw Ghetto to the level of Scarsdale. "It seemed incredible to me," says Miss Jabavu, "that in the midst of . . . conditions so purgatorial, antipathetic to life, people could be fine."

Miss Jabavu has never allowed her long absences in Europe to dilute a tremendous joy in her tribal heritage. She relishes the forbiddingly complex Xhosa language, with its infinite range of exquisite nuance, and finds pure delight in meeting elders who can recite—with all the hair-splitting pride of any family-tree fanatic—endless lineages of a once-powerful warrior nobility. She is exhilarated by her people's "irrepressible sense of fun." But above all she seems to draw a profound inspiration from the buoyant, unyielding resolution with which the Xhosa face their oppressors. For despite a gentle conservatism and a respect for others that almost amounts to a reflex, this is no cringing, servile people; nor are they under any illusion as to the price they must pay to regain their birthright. "Destruction there will be in the end," declares a guest in "Big Mother's" house; "but, and this is the point: *amaAfrika wona* will not be destroyed, for are we not indestructible?"

The Ochre People is an eloquent salute to the sheer guts and uncompromising humanity of a race.

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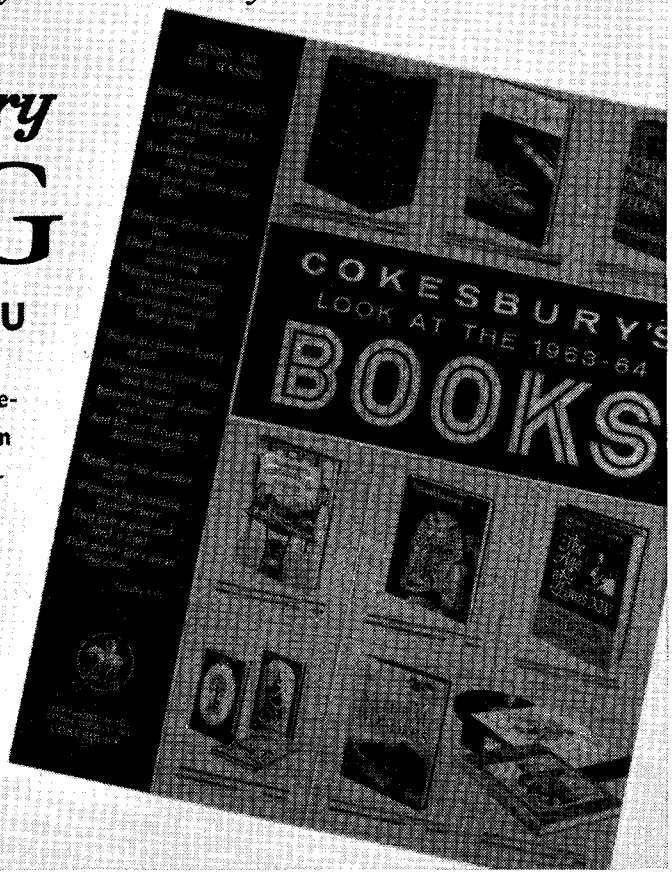

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Literary Sampler

Continued from page 29

which constantly rises to defend you against becoming one of the settled and contented of the earth; the urge in you to pain, to castigation, because in you is the world, in you is your own civilization, which you will castigate until it is pure and worthy to be loved.
—A letter from Dorothy Thompson to Sinclair Lewis in "Dorothy and Red," by Vincent Sheean, to be published in November by Houghton Mifflin.

The Knack of Narrative

I WROTE my first novel when I was seventeen. Published eighteen months later, it was, in England, an immediate success. It has never been out of print. I have no illusions about the quality of my work. I know myself to be a very minor writer. But it was apparent from that novel that I had been endowed at birth with the one essential gift that is possessed equally by the worst novelists and the best, without which nothing can be achieved in fiction; the knack of narrative, the capacity to make a reader turn the page to see what is on the other side. You have to born with that. You cannot acquire it in a college course of creative writing.
—From "The Early Years of Alec Waugh," by Alec Waugh, published this month by Farrar, Straus.

Literature or the Laundry?

LAST NIGHT I forsook Dante for Bernard Berenson's *One Year's Reading for Fun.* Of course any ordinary, slothful, desultory reader like myself is going to blink at what Berenson regards as fun (John Addington Symonds' *Catholic Reaction*?—when I want to relax, I reach for a copy of *Mad*), but I firmly set aside any such preliminary quibbling and meandered idly through his account, reading it for sheer fun, you might say—if reacting with violent envy is sheer fun. I did almost lose a new filling grinding my teeth over his lament, dated 23 October: "If only I had the leisure to read!" Such effrontery; such staggering ignorance of how people like me struggle to find a spare little half hour between the dishes and the laundry to spend with a book.

I won't even demand a villa to be interned in; I'll settle for a prison cell, if you know a prison with a first-rate library.

Still, I forgave him when I discovered that he had tried many times to read Dickens and had always failed until he pushed himself through *Our Mutual Friend.* If a reader like Berenson has had to get behind himself and shove in order to finish a volume of Dickens, then a clod like me can stop lacerating herself because she never managed to get beyond Chapter Two of *A Tale of Two Cities.*
—From "Adventures of an Ordinary Mind," by Lesley Conger, published recently by Norton.

A Purposeful Pooh

WHAT IS the purpose, the inner necessity of *Winnie-the-Pooh*? Is it merely to recount little episodes that will engage the attention of small children? Obviously not, for the stories *as stories* are, as Smythe justly pointed out before his own article deteriorated into misleading comparisons between Milne and Joyce, notably lacking in elements of the violent, the fabulous, the quickly thrilling. A *précis* of any chapter might cause us to wonder whether the book has any appeal whatsoever: a toy bear and a toy pig follow their own tracks around a tree until they are told by a small boy that this is pointless, and all retire for lunch. It is clear, I think, that *Pooh* must address us on an essentially subliminal level—that it must achieve its effects through sly manipulations and secret implications, not through what it directly narrates. That Bunker and the others did not perceive this is, I must say, a fact that might almost lead us to question their professional competence, were we not so grateful for their pioneering work.
—From "The Pooh Perplex: A Freshman Casebook," by Frederick C. Crews, published recently by Dutton.

"I offer you pure joy," said Constantin Brancusi, urging the public not to look for obscure or mystical meanings in his work. "Look at my sculptures until you manage to see them. Those who are close to God have seen them." In *Brancusi* (Tudor, $12.50) Ionel Jianou observes that "like the peasant, he believed that objects had souls, and he attempted to express them. . . ." He called one of his marble pieces "Sculpture for the Blind," believing that it could be apprehended through touching its surfaces, which had a life of their own. The book includes a full account of his life, including the famous lawsuit he brought in 1926 against the U.S. Customs, which insisted on treating his controversial "Bird in Space" as "a piece of machined metal" instead of a duty-free work of art.

"The Princess."

"Prayer."

"Head of a Woman."

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New Forms for Old Arts

WERE ELIOT and myself merely trying to refit old ships while the other side—Joyce, Schoenberg—sought new forms of travel? I believe that this distinction, much traded on a generation ago, has disappeared. (An era is shaped only by hindsight, of course, and hindsight reduces to convenient unities, but all artists know that they are part of the same thing.) Of course we seemed, Eliot and myself, to have exploited an apparent discontinuity, to have made art out of the *disjecta membra*, the quotations from other poets and composers, the references to earlier styles ("hints of earlier and other creation"), the detritus that betokened a wreck. But we used it, and anything that came to hand, to rebuild, and we did not pretend to have invented new conveyors or new means of travel. But the true business of the artist *is* to refit old ships. He can say again, in his way, only what has already been said.

—From "Dialogues and a Diary," by Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft, to be published in November by Doubleday.

Amazons in Los Angeles

IN DEL MAR, a bank robber was captured by two women who grabbed and subdued him as he fled out the door; one of the good ladies was so unruffled that she held on to her pet poodle through the whole tussle. In Watts, near Los Angeles, three young women were fighting each other on the street following an auto accident; when a motorcycle officer moved in to stop them they turned on him, knocked him down, and sent him to the hospital. In Van Nuys, a big policeman (six feet, two inches) gave a traffic ticket to a small woman driver (five feet, two inches) who was so angry she broke his finger.

Such strong-arm stuff may be unusual, but it is the product of a sharp assertiveness that is becoming normal for the California woman. The story of her social progress (if it is really progress) is at least a century old, for in California the female has always had a special role. In frontier times, she was in short supply, and hence was held in near reverence. The primitive Western conditions made her self-reliant. . . .

—From "California: The New Society," by Remi Nadeau, published this month by McKay.

Secular Semantics

THAT JUSTICE BLACK'S philosophy of complete neutrality in the public schools is not necessarily one of anti-religion or secularism scarcely needs to be said. Or it should not need to be said if men would use words with accuracy and integrity. But dialectical struggles over religion rarely employ fighting words with complete accuracy. In the dictionaries a secular school is one "not under church control." A secularist, on the other hand, is a person "who rejects every form of religious faith and worship." . . .

Probably at least three-fourths of the angry exchanges in the religion-and-schools controversy could be eliminated if protagonists on both sides would keep in mind this clear distinction between "secular" and "secularist." The secular school—not under church control—has been for more than a century the most distinctively American thing in the American way of life. It distinguishes the American way of life from the mixed religious and secular patterns of European church-state education, where controversy and division have been so much more pronounced than they have been in this country, and where, incidentally, the education of the common people has been much more neglected.

—From "Religion and the Schools: The Great Controversy," by Paul Blanshard, published this month by Beacon Press.

Fools, Kings, and Morals

THERE WAS a man that had a dull, lumpish fellow to his servant, wherefore he used commonly to call him the king of fools. The fellow at last waxed angry in his mind to be always so called and said to his master: "I would that I were the king of fools, for then no man could compare me in largeness of kingdom, and also you should be my subject."

By this one may perceive that too much of one thing is not good. Many a one calleth another fool and is more fool himself.

—From "A Hundred Merry Tales and Other English Jestbooks of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries," edited by P. M. Zall, to be published in November by the University of Nebraska Press.

Lady and the Lunatic

MME. DE SAINT-HEREM was the strangest-looking and most singular woman imaginable. Once she burned her thigh while swimming in the middle of the Seine, near Fountainebleau. She thought the water was too cold and wanted to warm it, so she had some water boiled on the bank and poured around her. Before the water had cooled off in the river, she was burned so badly that she had to take to her bed. When it thundered, she crawled on all fours under a bed, and made her servants pile on top of it so that the lightning would strike them before it reached her. She and her husband had been wealthy, but she had lost everything through her foolishness. The amount she spent to have masses said for herself was unbelievable. . . .

The best story about her, among thousands, is that of the lunatic who broke into her house on the Place Royale one afternoon when her servants were eating, and finding her alone in her room, clasped her passionately in his arms. The good woman, who had been hideous at eighteen, and was now a widow of more than eighty, began to scream at the top of her lungs. Finally, her servants heard her and found her with her skirts raised, fighting off the madman. They seized him, had him arrested, and the story gave everyone a good laugh.

—From "The Age of Magnificence: Memoirs of Louis XIV," by the Duc de Saint-Simon, selected, edited, and translated by Sanche de Gramont, to be published in November by Putnam.

Dissection of Saintliness

ONE WOULD first have to decide whether Genet wills evil *in order* to be a Saint or whether he is really eager to lose and whether his recourse to Saint-

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liness is only a consolation that he accords himself, a hope that he allows himself in order to lighten his difficulties. But how is one to know? Does Genet himself know? At times it is one and at times the other, depending on the oscillations of his inner tension. I do not doubt that sincerity seeks despair and failure when he is at his best. Saintliness is above all a great fever-dream that haunts him when he is a prisoner and cannot act. And even then there is something suspect about it, something that is indefinably disturbing. To reduce the Evil that he does to being only a means of attaining Being would be to impoverish his moral life. For it can be said with at least equal truth that Being is for him only a means of attaining the greatest Evil. I grant that Saintliness is the supreme goal of his efforts. But it is also an infernal caricature, the worst blasphemy. Moreover, I would like to know where one would find a more lucid spirit than his, for this outcast is the only one to have discovered the secret of humility, a secret about which the most loquacious Saints have succeeded in saving nothing. Attempting to define Saintliness, he writes tranquilly: "I think that it is called pride and also humility."
—From "Saint Genet," by Jean-Paul Sartre, published this month by Braziller.

Advice Against Consent

I WISH that the girls of our time would look at Camilla and, seeing that virgin already adult and free amusing herself by running through fields, forests and the dens of animals with her quiver, curbing the pleasures of lascivious desires with work, refusing pleasures and amusements, abstaining from elaborate food and drink, and with constant spirit rejecting not only the embraces, but even the company of young men of her age, would learn from her example what is proper for them in their parents' home, in churches, and in theatres where most onlookers and harsh judges of behavior congregate. And I wish that from her example they would learn not to listen to shameful words, to keep silent, to veil their eyes with modesty, and avoid idleness, feasting, elegance, dancing, and the company of young men. Let young women also know that to desire everything pleasurable and to do everything possible is not in accord with chastity, so that, by becoming more discreet in the flower of praiseworthy virginity, they may attain with maturity to holy matrimony under the direction of their elders.
—From "Concerning Famous Women," by Giovanni Boccaccio, published this month by Rutgers University Press.

On the Fringe

Continued from page 27

(Harper & Row). Two years of speeches and statements—from his tribute to Mrs. Roosevelt to meaningful words on Cuba, the Congo, the Russian veto, and the troika—categorized by subject rather than chronology by editors Robert L. and Selma Schiffer.

CHALLENGE TO AFFLUENCE. By Gunnar Myrdal (Pantheon). Our economy is stagnant, the author of *An American Dilemma* charges in this hard-hitting critique.

THE MCLANDRESS DIMENSION. By Mark Ebernay (Houghton Mifflin). The pseudonymous satirist pays tribute to the scientist who has given the world the McLandress Dimension (a way of measuring an individual's reaction to self) and the Fully Automated Foreign Policy, among other Parkinsonian refinements.

THE SENATE ESTABLISHMENT. By Joseph S. Clark and Other Senators (Hill & Wang). Senator Clark's speech of February '63 on the control of committee assignments in the Senate, plus the debate it kicked off.

GEORGE C. MARSHALL: Education of a General, 1880-1939. By Forrest C. Pogue with the assistance of Gordon Harrison (Viking). Book I of a planned three-volume biography ends with the General taking the oath as Chief of Staff of the United States Army.

November

DOROTHY AND RED. By Vincent Sheean (Houghton Mifflin). The story of the married life of Dorothy Thompson and Sinclair ("Red") Lewis, which lasted from 1927-42, told in excerpts from her diaries and letters, and in the text by their mutual friend, Vincent Sheean. Photographs.

SUNSET AND TWILIGHT. By Bernard Berenson (Harcourt, Brace & World). Selections, not previously published, from the diaries of the eminent art historian, written between 1947 and 1958 (he died in 1959 at the age of ninety-three), when he was largely concerned with the discovery of himself.

A FEW PAINTED FEATHERS. By Stephen Longstreet (Doubleday). This is the second volume (*Eagles Where I Walk* was the first) in a trilogy concerned with early America.

THE COLD WAR AND THE INCOME TAX. By Edmund Wilson (Farrar, Straus). Essays, quarrelsome and thoughtful, by one who has fought it out with the Internal Revenue boys, and lost.

FROM RAGS TO RICHES: Horatio Alger, Jr. and the American Dream. By John Tebbel (Macmillan). A biography of this country's most successful writer of boys' books. Illustrated.

THE FIRST DAY OF FRIDAY. By Honor Tracy (Random House). More Irish confusions from the pen that produced *The Straight and Narrow Path.*

THE VITAL BALANCE: The Life Process in Mental Health and Illness. By Karl Menninger, M.D., with Martin Mayman and Paul Pruyser (Viking). Dr. Menninger offers his unitary concept, which treats all mental problems as part of one basic disorder.

MISTER ABBOTT. By George Abbott (Random House). The dean of Broadway directors tells all on his fiftieth anniversary in the biz.

CLIFFS OF FALL AND OTHER STORIES. By Shirley Hazzard (Knopf). Short stories by an Australian-born writer who has been publishing in American magazines.

THE PRESIDENTIAL PAPERS OF NORMAN MAILER (Putnam). The latest collection of Mailer's opinions on everything.

THE FLOWER AND THE CASTLE. By Maurice Valency (Macmillan). An examination of Western drama with emphasis on Ibsen and Strindberg as the root of most of today's playwriting. Professor Valency has translated and adapted *The Madwoman of Chaillot* and *Ondine* for the English-speaking theatre.

MANDATE FOR CHANGE, 1953-1956: The White House Years. By Dwight D. Eisenhower (Doubleday). Beginning with the Republican convention that nominated Ike, this first of two volumes on his Presidential years ends with his heart attack and decision to run again.

December

'Tis much too near Christmas and all through the Houses, next to nothing is stirring except an occasional pitcher of martinis mixed by a nervous editor wondering if anyone in the mob at the bookstores will notice that slim volume of esoterica he insisted that his firm publish. Worse to worst, he decides that he can put the house in Westport up for sale again and move the kids back in with her parents while he writes that novel he's always had in mind—the one exposing the publishing world for what it is.

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

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Huxley

Continued from page 33

does not observe a similar limitation in science, but ranges freely from physics to psychology, from ecology to ornithology, from biology to anthropology. Perhaps Sir Charles Snow and Dr. Leavis misled him, but the clash between the two cultures is not confined to the different uses of language; it involves all nondiscursive symbols, the images of music and painting no less than the meaning and use of words.

The second serious limitation Mr. Huxley imposes concerns the meaning and use of words. He frequently invokes Mallarmé's definition of the aims of the poet: to give a purer meaning to the words of the tribe. It is doubtful that Mallarmé would have given a logical or scientific interpretation to the phrase *un sens plus pur*. I believe he wanted to restore to the words used by the poet a sensuous purity, a purity of sound and magical significance. That, at any rate, is what he tried to do in his own poems.

This leads me to my main objection to Mr. Huxley's argument. He admits in more than one place that words in poetry have this magical function, and that the poetic essence is beyond analysis: "It is only by an unusual combination of purified words that our more private experiences in all their subtlety, their many-faceted richness, their unrepeatable uniqueness can be, in some sort, recreated on the symbolic level and so made public and communicable." But instead of standing on the ground of this symbolic purity, this intuitive revelation of significance, he goes on to suggest that "the tribe's language can be purified into expressiveness by the choice of the right noun, the perfect adjective, the supremely apt verb." (If he had introduced painting into the argument at this point, he would have had to write about the choice of the right form, the perfect tone, the supremely apt composition.) From this it is but a step to admit (which is what Tolstoy and Snow want us to admit) that language can be purified to express scientific knowledge, *and that that is its esthetic justification.*

In a typical coda on the nightingale, a bird that has inspired some supremely beautiful poetry, Mr. Huxley gives us the scientific facts about its feeding habits, its digestive system, and its glandular changes, and tells us that the twentieth-century poet must make use of this new information. "The new facts about nightingales are a challenge from which it would be pusillanimous to shrink." Why? There is an extraordinary assumption, towards the end of this essay, that the poet makes his poems out of facts and theories, "the new findings and hypotheses now pouring in upon him from the sciences of his own day."

I do not suggest, nor does Dr. Leavis suggest, that the poet had better remain ignorant of such findings and hypotheses. Possessing a sensitive and alert intelligence, he is not likely to neglect anything of human significance. However, his business is not with facts and theories, but (as Mallarmé said in another context) with *words*—only with words and the images they can evoke, the feelings they can arouse, the intuitions they can convey. Mr. Huxley knows this, yet for a reason

not clear he hankers for some "long-awaited pioneer of genius" who will ("the necessary means will be discovered, the appropriate weapons will be forged") "poetically purify . . . the too precise words of the textbooks." So purity is not precision. What will the scientist make of that? And what the poet?

Mr. Huxley quotes the last two lines of a verse by Andrew Marvell. The complete passage is much more to the point:

> The Mind, that Ocean where each kind
> Does straight its own resemblance find:
> Yet it creates, transcending these,
> Far other Worlds, and other Seas;
> Annihilating all that's made
> To a green thought in a green Shade.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 4, 3, 13, 2, 8, 1, 9, 6, 14, 7, 5, 11, 15, 12, 10. 1. Antelope. 2. Brandish. 3. Caraway. 4. Counteract. 5. Grammar. 6. Heathen. 7. Hemlock. 8. Malediction. 9. Offend. 10. Operator. 11. Partridge. 12. Pleasure. 13. Prosecute. 14. Question. 15. Reinstate.

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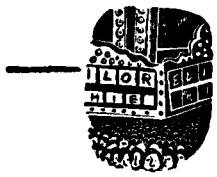

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Richardson's England

NOW THAT Tony Richardson has brought the venerable *Tom Jones* so thunderingly to life, the only question is why it had not been done earlier. Certainly Henry Fielding's novel contains all the elements necessary for a good movie. It has lovers' misunderstandings, it deals with the very rich (albeit of two centuries ago), it has comedy, chases, action, sex. In fact, it is so completely suited to cinema that one must perforce be grateful that, having been long in public domain, it never fumbled into lesser hands than those of producer-director Richardson and his skilled scenarist, playwright John Osborne. And grateful, too, that no less an actor than Albert Finney essayed the title role.

For this *Tom Jones* is a stunning job. Nothing is more difficult in the movies than a re-creation of the past—not in the genteel sense of paintings brought to life, the canvas and even the curlicued gilt frames still sticking to them; but in the purely cinematic sense of the camera burrowing in and, like a newsreel, capturing all the feeling of unpremeditated movement snapped on the fly. Richardson's England resembles Rowlandson's England rather more than Hogarth's. Caricature is subordinated to verisimilitude; elegance is to be found even among the most bumptious of rustics. But Hogarth's robust appetite for the brawling, teeming life of eighteenth-century England is here as well, and the combination is irresistible.

Most of all, however, it is Henry Fielding's England, a country viewed through the wryly critical eyes of a man who knew all too well the hypocrisies of his people and his age. And Osborne's screenplay, telescoping the early years, quickly has Tom dishonored and off on the road to London, so that Fielding's social canvas is opened to the full almost from the start. En route, there are encounters with beauties and brigands, with soldiers and scoundrels—and, as Tom dines with the copious Mrs. Waters, the funniest and lewdest eating scene ever set to celluloid.

In London, where young Tom's fortunes take an unexpected turn for the better, we are introduced into the world of fashion—of elegant ladies and their frivolous intrigues, of elaborate masked balls while the poor starve, steal, and murder on the streets. The backgrounds are etched in delicately but indelibly as Tom makes his way from Lady Bellaston's genteel bed to the foot of a rough-hewn gallows. The gulf between the classes has never yawned more ominously.

But no yawns from the audience. Richardson has pitched his picaresque comedy at breakneck speed, whisking his viewers from a glimpse of the swinish table manners of a country squire to the blood-lust pleasures of a cross-country hunt, from milady's rarefied drawing room to a street brawl of Homeric proportions. In all of this, he has been masterfully aided by Walter Lassally's color cameras. Often hand-held, for the hunting sequence apparently deployed from a helicoper, constantly in motion, they swarm in for close-ups, track through the streets, or ride the carriages as if they, too, were part of the eighteenth-century scene. Lassally's work adds immeasurably to the verve and intimacy of the film, just as England's stately homes and timeless landscapes contribute the sense of a living past.

Curiously, neither Richardson nor Osborne has been willing to settle for merely a capturing of the past. Repeatedly, even before the main titles come on, they seem to be insisting that their *Tom Jones* is indeed a movie; and they play constantly with such effects as silent subtitles, stop-motion camera, and undercranking. It makes for a strange mixture of styles as the film shuttles between long passages of newsreel reality and typical pre-sound techniques, with an occasional aside directed to the audience thrown in for good measure. But, more curious still, the effect is exhilarating because the film-makers are so obviously having a good time. Besides, the technique permits them to get in with the utmost compression many a Fielding plot point that has long since become cliché, while, with a wink, they eliminate all feeling of cliché.

So felicitous is the ensemble playing of the large, inspired cast that it is not only difficult but downright unfair to single any out for special praise. Hugh Griffith's Squire Western, however, is cut from the same cloth as Laughton's Henry VIII — funny, full-blooded, and authentic. Susannah York is properly all sighs and stormy tears as Sophie; while Joan Greenwood plays superbly that aging feline, Lady Bellaston. And Albert Finney, in the title role, is wondrous to behold—roisterous, ribald, romantic, human.

While such mundane matters as money should be the least of a critic's concerns, I find it impossible not to add as a footnote that this sumptuous, satisfying production cost only $1,300,000. In this age of super-budgets, such a modest statistic might prove sobering. The race is not to the rich, it seems to imply, but to the talented.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

Albert Finney and Joyce Redman in *Tom Jones*—the race is to the talented.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Seattle After the Ball

YEARS AGO, when there were parties at our house, and I was too young to attend them, one of the reconciling features, for me at least, was the wonder of the living room in the morning. I can, without too much difficulty, summon up that fascinating essence of stale cigar smoke, expensive perfume, and stagnant liquor left in half-filled glasses. It hung there like a rose-tinted cloud that forgot to leave the sky after the brilliance of the sunset had exploded and faded into twilight. There was nothing remaining for me except to inhale, to ruminate once more on how glorious it must have been, and then to repair to the icebox where, with any luck, there would be a hillock of leftover sandwiches wrapped in a damp dish towel.

I had expected to come upon something of the same experience when I returned to Seattle this summer, a year after the ball was over. How excited, how dedicated they all had been when I first arrived there in the spring before the fair. How busy they all had been when I returned that summer to move with the crowds through the World of Tomorrow, and nobody knows how many rides into space. Seattle had, more or less, returned to the difficulties of the world of today by the time I arrived anew, and only now and then, in wisps of conversation, did I sense the faint effluvium of that old childhood living room the morning after the party. There is nothing so dismal as day-after bunting, and I saw no sign of it. The things that had been bought for the party—that spindly Space Needle was one—would, like the new piano, eventually melt into the furnishings and become part of it. Who thinks, after all, that the Eiffel Tower was put up for the Exposition of 1889? Wasn't it always part of Paris, like the evil dispositions of the taxi drivers?

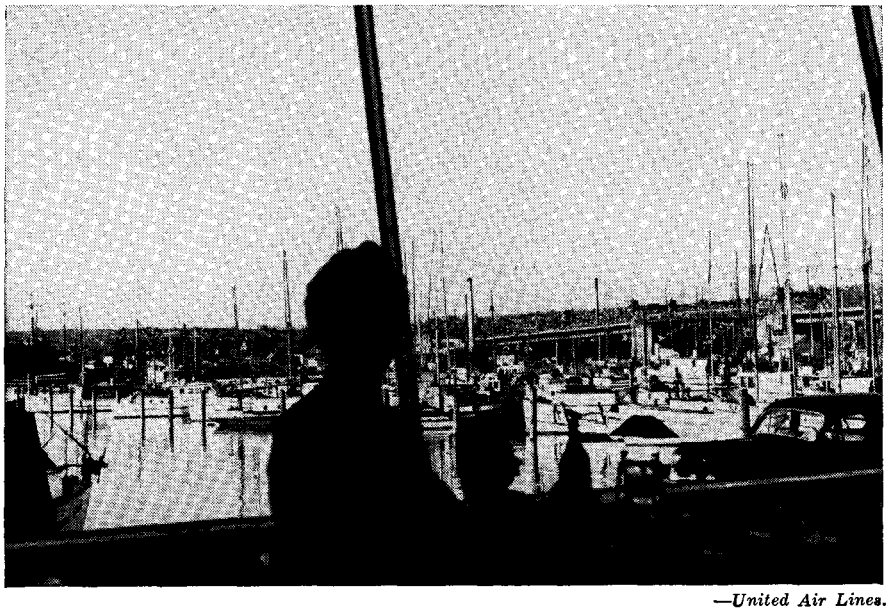
The bodies that came to fill and quickly refill the counter stools at the Olympic Hotel were no longer party-goers. They were businessmen working over such Olympic delights as wild blackberry syrup poured over wild rice hot cakes and Alaskan cod in cream on toast. But the party spirit had fled. When I asked the lady behind the newsstand why she was charging fifteen cents for the ten-cent Western edition of the *New York Times* she said, "If they didn't let us charge extra we'd just throw them on the floor, that's all."

I walked along the waterfront, but Seattle had gone back to work. There were only a handful of us on the harbor boat tour that churned away from Pier 56, and at the aquarium at the end of the wharf no one was paying any attention to the porpoises that waited to jump through a hoop or the seals that would balance a beach ball on their whiskered noses for a handout of herring. The halibut schooners and the gill netters were working Piers 60 and 61, and a pair of trollers and a dragger were alongside 65. The salmon trolley was unloading kings and silvers. Three decks of guest rooms rose off the pilings to form the Edgewater Inn, a new waterside motel with a glass cage for a lobby and a corner of glass on its dining room. The plant manufacturing cans for the salmon tinners, across the street, seemed to be getting a bigger play.

"On your right," the seagoing barker rumbled into his mike, "six hundred and six feet high, stands the Space Needle, with a restaurant on the top turning one complete revolution every hour. The elevator from the ground takes thirty-five seconds for the trip. Seattle's Civic Center, formerly the Seattle World's Fair!" Butter and eggs were changing hands at a fast clip in the big green building of the Western Farmers' Association. At a navy pier a cable layer that had payed out the tracking line to the Bahamas rested on its hawsers. Supplies were going aboard ships with orders for the Pacific and Alaska. Navy icebreakers were warming up for the winter's run to the Antarctic. Four patrol ships were nursing alongside the cargo ship *Pvt. Leonard C. Brostrom.*

Although we were cruising in a fiord of sorts, 124 miles from the open Pacific, it was only a short sail to Canada. A Canadian tug crossed our path, pulling railway cars on a barge across to the Dominion. Now we were off Alki Point, and the mike switch went on and tidbits of information tumbled out of the loudspeaker and rode the early mists. Alki is Indian talk for "by and by," the voice said. The Denny family of Illinois, with twelve men and women and twelve children, had come across the Lewis and Clark trail in 1851, and settled on the point. "We're going to build a big city here like New York by and by," somebody said. And so it became Alki Point, if you believe in barkers. From that day of the first settling in the fall of 1851, Seattle has grown to 560,000.

Out on the water a seagull was cadging a ride from a log, part of a raft being floated into the city. The cement skyline rose in the background, big and chesty. Tugs were busy spraying jets of water from their fire monitors to clean some barges. And other barges loaded with refrigerated vans were moving across the harbor attending the needs of Alaska. Up north, whither they were bound, they would simply be towed off the docks by trucks. But Seattle looks southward, too. Ships from Costa Rica, Panama, and Guate-



—United Air Lines.

Seattle waterfront—fresh salmon heads, bric-a-brac from the briny, and a salute to Leif Ericson.

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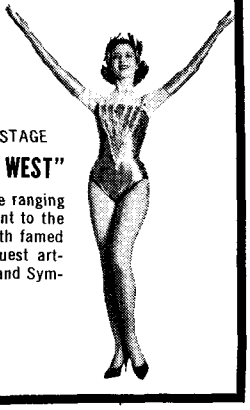

ON THE GREAT STAGE

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mala pull into the banana docks Sunday afternoons, and by Monday mornings housewives can find bananas in the bins.

Navy muscle is everywhere. An elderly cargo assault ship, consigned to the Peruvian government, is made ready for transfer, and so is a destroyer escort being sold to Korea. The Landing Ship Dock, that curious apparatus that pumps itself full of water, lets a sick ship sail, then pumps the water out, getting ready for the next patient. The local shipyards spray welding sparks out into the harbor waters as the gangs work on the navy's newest dissuaders, three guided missile destroyers each capable of launching radar-guided missiles, each costing $45,000,000. Three escorts are being built to keep the destroyers company. The aluminum superstructure is in place and plastic coverings hang on the radar works. A dummy missile is already in the rack.

Japanese and Italian ships pass each other in the harbor, sailing past the piers of the Alaska Steamship Company, which began service to the north in 1895, and past the Matson Lines, advertising its services to Tahiti, Samoa, Fiji, New Zealand, Australia, and Hawaii. Two piers away stand the three longhouses of the restaurant called Polynesia, Seattle's own corner of the South Seas. Here amid the Hong Kong chairs, Danish tables, and Polynesian trappings, with the ferry horns honking rather incongruously outside the picture

windows, Seattle samples egg roll, abalone fingers, Pago Pago soup (vichyssoise with a "thought" of curry), barbecued pork, and pea pods, and, with a slight rupture of geography and spelling, something called *breast of chicken Porte au Prince.*

A traveler's standby is Ivar's Acres of Clams, where Seattle's seafood is served under a welter of bric-a-brac from the briny, divers' suits, sawfish saws, glass floats, a pair of old rubber boots, and Ivar's uncle's zither. For anyone who has always dreamed of being locked in the hold of a ship carrying a cargo of liquor, the bar at Ivar's is just the place. The fish markets nearby peddle king crabs down from Alaska, dungeness crabs, silver smelts, fresh halibut bellies, fresh salmon heads, halibut cheeks, tiny shrimps labeled "Petersburg, Alaska," fresh kippered salmon, and razor clams. Some serve walkaway cocktails of shrimp and oyster, and if money is no object, you can dispatch a ten-pound salmon packed in ice, or six big crabs, clear to New York in exchange for $17.50 in federal funds. On the dockside, next door, a plaque reminds passers-by how recently this land was cleared for settlement. Indians attacked Seattle on January 26, 1856, the tablet says, five years after the city was founded. They would have destroyed the makings of the city had it not been for the U.S. sloop *Decatur*, which was anchored at this spot. The *Decatur* fired a volley and the Indians retreated.

The stalwarts of the *Decatur* not only made the waterfront safe so civilized people could chomp on pea pods and water chestnuts in a fake Samoan longhouse, but they also cleared the way for such improvements as the Edgewater, the motel I had passed on the harbor tour. On closer inspection it proved to be embellished with such trappings of twentieth-century man as telephones placed in giant plastic clam shells with colored lights behind them, and a circular glass box on the roof for nighttime revelry. The whole shebang hangs so far out over the water that some flack with a lively imagination has been dreaming of organizing a salmon derby at the Edgewater. It would be the first one ever held out a window.

Also well worth mentioning is the Windjammer, which is not in the working dock area, but down at the sporting man's marina. It is surely Seattle's handsomest seafaring restaurant, in spite of the fact that it has fallen prey to the *Playboy* syndrome and dressed its waitresses in middies and scanty pleated skirts. It serves dungeness crab with cheddar cheese and bacon, a brave try; introduces Alaska shrimp to pineapple and sour cream; and pours creamed chicken over baked ham. Well, who am I to knock it? They laughed at the first decorator who put blue and green together, and yet somebody up there has been getting great effects out of seascapes for years now.

As if a further maritime touch were needed, a statue of that ancient salt, Leif Ericson, has recently been planted nearby. Nobody quite knew what to do with the old Viking once the statue had been acquired, and it finally landed in the suburban community of Ballard, a settlement heavy with transplanted Scandinavians. There Leif was propped up so he could gaze upon the waters and the fine stand of yacht masts that grow there. The yacht captains, with the blood of the Norsemen still running in their veins, have taken to pulling in close at day's end and awarding the old man three honks of the horn. There has been no visible sign of response yet, but then he never was known as a demonstrative sort. —HORACE SUTTON.

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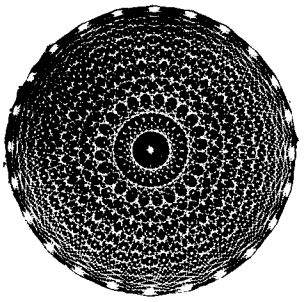

—*Scripta Mathematica.*

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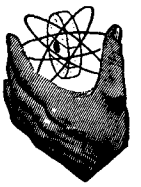

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Letter from Kansas • Research Frontier • Personality Portrait XC • Science in Books

ARTICLE: What Sank "Thresher," the A-Sub?

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

ON MOONING

WHEN President John F. Kennedy appeared before the General Assembly of the United Nations in New York on September 20, 1963, and proposed that man's first voyage to the moon be an expedition jointly manned by the United States of America and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, he surprised and shocked that indeterminate body of men who have gambled personal prestige and private fortune on indefinite extension of the cold war between Washington and Moscow into extra-terrestrial space. Outraged, these men immediately sent out propaganda that the President was humiliating the American people and himself by withdrawing from a race to the moon.

Actually, there never was a race to the moon. Because the Russians wouldn't race. No Soviet deadline was ever set for reaching the moon. Moscow never proposed a date. In fact, Premier Nikita Khrushchev told *SR*'s Editor last spring: "If you want to go to the moon first, go ahead. We'll stand aside. We're not going to race. We could put a man on the moon tomorrow, our scientists tell me. But we don't yet know how to bring the man back." Being free of the racing fever, the Russians were not required to perform extravagant leap-frogging of preparatory projects to fit a timetable. The men in the Kremlin simply supported their scientists as available resources allowed, taking one step at a time and evaluating that one before going on to the next.

Meanwhile, the space-war backers in Washington had persuaded President Kennedy, while he was still new in office, that the monetary cost of reaching the moon ahead of the Russians would be low in comparison to the political profit. Most American scientists, including the President's closest advisors, took an opposite point of view, and that view is being confirmed by events. The schedule for reaching the moon by 1970 is already out of joint, demonstrably impractical if not dangerous to the American economy.

The President's proposal to the UN, or moves comparable to it, might have been anticipated by anyone who attended the 17th National Conference on Research Administration at Estes Park, Colorado, and heard what William D. Carey, Executive Assistant Director of the President's Bureau of the Budget, had to say ten days before Mr. Kennedy's UN appearance. Here are some quotations from Mr. Carey's text:

"Malcolm Muggeridge has observed that human beings suffer more as a result of being unduly serious than of being unduly flippant; their worst blunders arise out of their solemnity, not out of their mirth.

"Without very much visible deliberation, but with much solemnity, we have in little more than a decade elevated science to a role of extraordinary influence in national policy; and now that it is there, we are not very certain what to do with it.

"We have evolved a variety of rationalizations for what we have done and for what we doubtless will continue to do: science for national security, science for a better life, science for a growing economy, and science as a cultural end in itself. What we have done less well is to establish a truly competitive market place within which science and technology must justify itself and its costs in fair competition with other social priorities.

"Have we approached the time for a healthy shaking-down of our Federal science and technology for purposes of taking stock and consolidating our efforts where the priorities lie?

"Reaction is at last setting in. It is apparent in the scientific community, in the Executive Branch of the Federal Government, and perhaps most spectacularly in the Congress, where a mounting wail of frustration and uneasiness is being reflected in a rash of proposals to bring science and technology to heel. Possibly all this reflects a thought uttered by the quotable Mr. Justice Holmes, who said 'We need education in the obvious more than investigation of the obscure.'

"From here on, we will have to be more choosy in what we do, and better prepared to supply answers to questions about marginal costs and benefits. The budget this year for research and development is a husky $15 billion. Its growth potential dwarfs anything else in the budget. Someone has figured out that the doubling time for R & D as a fraction of national income is only seven years, and that if this continued for thirty years research and development would rise to one-half of the national income.

"In my judgment, these trends are not realistic. In absolute terms, I expect the level of Federal support for R & D to rise, but at a diminishing rate which could produce a levelling-off of the budget for science and technology over the next few years. Even a moderate upward trend is not to be taken for granted.

"I SHOULD make it plain that justification for the sixteenth and seventeenth billion will have to be very different from the justification which sufficed for the first billion.

"We have arrived at the point in the Government's budget where the trends of the past are meaningless. A budget which quadrupled in the Forties and doubled again in the Fifties is extremely unlikely to behave in that style in the Sixties, even for science and technology. So that next billion dollars will come under both executive and legislative scrutiny of a kind previously unknown. And the scientific community will have to take a major responsibility for being sure that Government chooses to put its dollars behind the best of many choices.

"I would further hazard the view that this tightening of the Federal pursestrings will cause some convulsions in the scientific community. When dollars for Big Science become scarcer, the science community can be expected to break ranks and form clusters of opinion and dissent to a greater extent than has happened to date. And this is precisely as it ought to be. This is the competitive market place at last.

"To be sure, with this comes a new

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hazard, one which is already visible. This is the danger of injecting the technique of the 'pork barrel' into the area of science and technology. While I run some risk of excommunication for even bringing the matter up, it is a risk someone needs to take.

"We are talking about large sums of money, highly attractive physical plant, research tools to tantalize any self-respecting scientist with a forgivable eye on a Nobel Prize. We are speaking of national prestige science and technology which can be vital to the intellectual standing of a university or a group of universities. Where the tools are located, where the facilities are built, how funds are disbursed to equalize research opportunity among the various sections of the country—all these are very real issues in the era of Big Science.

"SCIENTISTS and educators with all this at stake are already learning how to bring pressure on their political representatives on their behalf, first for the approval of the programs and then for the location of facilities and the disbursing of operating funds. As new thresholds of research and experimentation materialize requiring highly sophisticated hardware, this phenomenon will become a force to be reckoned with. We can expect to face this not only in the area of applied science and technology, but even within that cloistered and rarefied world concerned with basic research. But if I am right about all this, and I think I am, one result will be to make science somewhat less luminous and other-worldly than it has been to date, and add a slight tinge of green to its halo.

"As a more or less living example of the type of people who work on the Federal budget, I should like to venture some general observations about that operation in so far as it touches science and technology.

"To begin with, the budgetary process is the closest thing we have in Government to a systematic effort at resource planning. What it provides is a round-the-year examination and reexamination of needs and resources in a changing society, in a setting of economic purposefulness and a Presidential program of political action. It is a process which stresses challenge and the evaluation of responses to that challenge. It reaches for rational criteria against which to sift competing claims and demands, and it aims toward a workable synthesis of goals within a financial and economic plan.

"In our framework of government, the budget process is the President's chief tool for facing up to the issue of what must be done now and what must wait. Underlying the exercise of this process there must, of course, be some basic strategy, and this will vary with Presidents and their public philosophies. One President may view the budget as a built-in Maginot Line against further extension of the arc of public action and intervention, while another will recognize it as an opportunity to advance our society purposefully in many fields of action important to both internal and external progress.

"THE Bureau of the Budget has never agreed with suggestions that it should establish within its structure a Division of Science, staffed with qualified scientists and engineers, to review R & D proposals. We prefer to do our work by using a broad approach which examines program issues in the field of science and technology from the standpoints of public policy, soundness of justification, the availability of money and manpower, and the balance of financial effort as among alternative program commitments. To be sure, our analysis frequently requires inputs of sophisticated professional judgment as to technical feasibility, state of the art, and possible alternatives to a proposed line of development, as for example in the moon program or in the missile field. In recent years, however, we have been able to obtain this kind of judgment through the Office of Science and Technology and the President's Science Advisory Committee.

"We have also arranged each year to undertake an overview of selected fields of science with the objective of relating levels of effort and support in particularly vital areas of science and technology to our general budgetary planning. This year, for example, we selected the areas of atmospheric science, oceanography, water research, high energy nuclear physics, basic science, and science information for special review.

"I might say that the budget review process is not slanted toward exposing the weaknesses and follies of science proposals, although at times it has that result. But the process is calculated to bring out situations where we feel that there are distortions and imbalances in the Government's support of science and technology and education, and in such instances we look for corrective solutions even though these might actually run the totals up.

"I would like to be able to assure this select company that the budget process employs an ideal combination of criteria which guarantees a fully rational exercise in decision-making where we are dealing with science and technology. The truth is that we have a long way to travel before achieving that Utopia. There are still too many variables, too many unknowns, to leave us comfortable. We have no way to measure satisfactorily the potential yield to civilian technology from military and space R & D. We lack dependable data to judge whether we are approaching—or have already reached—the point where Government-supported science and technology is displacing or impeding private investment in the R & D which feeds economic growth and creates the new products and markets needed for an economy on the path to full employment. Our crystal ball is still very foggy in forecasting what all this scientific and technical exuberance may mean in accelerating automation with all its implications for our basic labor force.

"After twelve years of the National Science Foundation, we are as far away as ever from any clue as to how much basic research should be supported, year in and year out, as a national purpose. We continue in that area to depend too much on the oversimplified formula of budgeting for some rough percentage of the worthwhile acceptable research proposals that are expected to roll in.

"WE have found no absolute answers to the dilemma of priorities when we are faced with a well-reasoned but vastly expensive long range program in high energy nuclear physics and simultaneously programs for major outlays for oceanography, supersonic aircraft development, and the moon program. How does one assign relative values to the spectrum of opportunities to advance knowledge?

"Government today cannot take the easy way of endowing science and technology with an unlimited drawing account. As I said earlier, the sixteenth and seventeenth billion are harder to come by than the first. Our problem is an embarrassment of intellectual riches which is not matched by the affluence to employ them fully. The difficulty is not one of inventing more super-authorities but rather one of organizing 'research about research,' of developing more adequate insights into cost-benefit relationships, of illuminating our value analysis so that we can with greater confidence strike a balance between being 'first' in high energy accelerators and being first in education and in decent living and job opportunity.

"I do not think that Government alone can reach these answers, but perhaps Government can—and indeed I believe it must—be as proportionately lavish in stimulating this kind of intellectual inquiry as it has been in endowing science and technology."

To which I cry hurrah.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor

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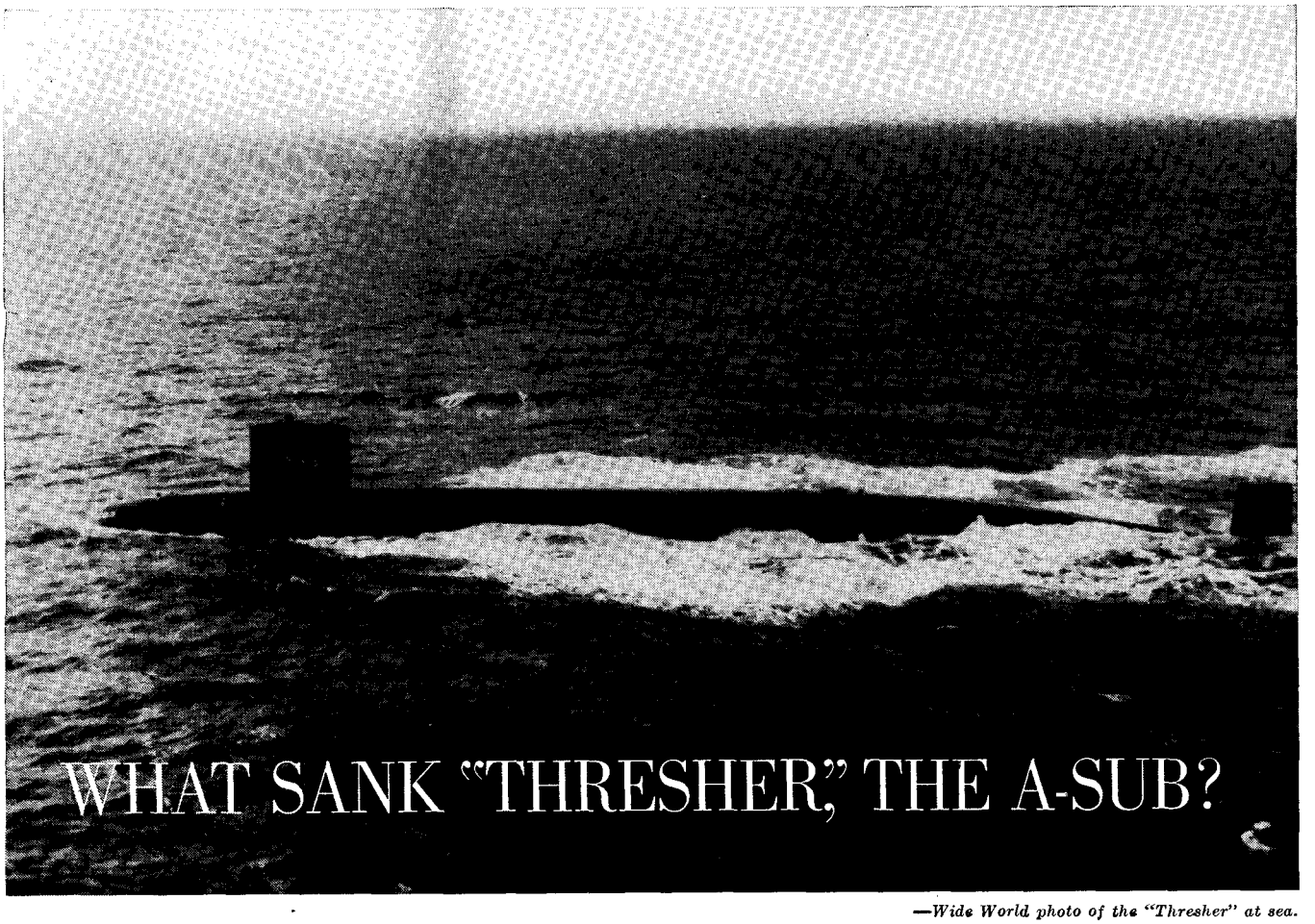

WHAT SANK "THRESHER," THE A-SUB?

—Wide World photo of the "Thresher" at sea.

By COLUMBUS O'D. ISELIN, as told to JOHN LEAR

A FEW days before the atomic submarine *Thresher* made its last dive on April 10, 1963, directly off the Eastern Channel—main entrance to the Gulf of Maine—an intense storm had moved northeastward from Cape Cod toward the Annapolis Valley in southwestern Nova Scotia.

I happened to be in Halifax at the time, attending a meeting of SCORE, the Special Committee on Oceanic Research of the International Council of Scientific Unions, at Dalhousie University. The wind speed there went up to eighty miles per hour, with occasional gusts of greater velocity. The SCORE meeting continued over a weekend. I remember that I was due back at Harvard University in Cambridge, Mass., to teach a class in physical oceanography on Tuesday. The plane on which I had booked passage was scheduled to leave the Halifax airport at 6 P.M. Monday night. It took me seven hours to reach the airport, confirm that the plane would not take off because of the storm, and return to Dalhousie. During that time, fourteen inches of snow fell.

I describe this personal experience here simply to document the severity of the storm.

For reasons which will become clear later, it is well to take a few sentences to follow the genesis and growth of this storm.

What we call weather moves through the lower atmosphere of the planet in circular or elliptical cells. The air in some of these cells is less dense, because it is under less pressure, than the air in some of the other cells. There is a continuing tendency for the air under high pressure to be sucked into the low-pressure cells.

If it were not for the steady eastward turning of the earth, the transfer of air from high-pressure to low-pressure cells would take place in a straight line. However, the earth's revolution generates an effect which was first noticed by a French mathematician, Gaspard Gustave de Coriolis, and is therefore called the "Coriolis force." In response to this phenomenon (it is not really a force at all, but simply an effect), anything moving freely across the surface of the earth moves slightly sidewise—to the right when north of the equator, to the left when south of the equator.

So, as happens in all storms in the northern hemisphere, winds drawn into the storm that occurred over the Gulf of Maine just prior to the last dive of the *Thresher* were moving toward and slightly to the right of the storm center. The drive they imparted to the whirling of the low pressure cell thus turned the storm counterclockwise.

In progressing northeastward, this particular atmospheric disturbance pulled air first out of the south and then out of the east, with the result that a southeasterly gale began to blow over Georges Bank and Browns Bank, between which lies the Eastern Channel into the Gulf of Maine. At the same time, atmospheric pressure fell sharply over the whole of the Gulf, permitting the water beneath the air to rise.

Reacting to the driving wind behind it, water at and near the surface of the Atlantic just outside the Gulf of Maine poured across Georges Bank and Browns Bank as well as through the 30-mile-wide and 900-foot-deep Eastern Channel into the already swollen Gulf.

After the storm center had moved in over Nova Scotia, the barometric pressure rose, of course, over the Gulf, pushing on the water in the Gulf and encouraging it to move. Simultaneously, the wind shifted to the west and northwest. Under these new circumstances,

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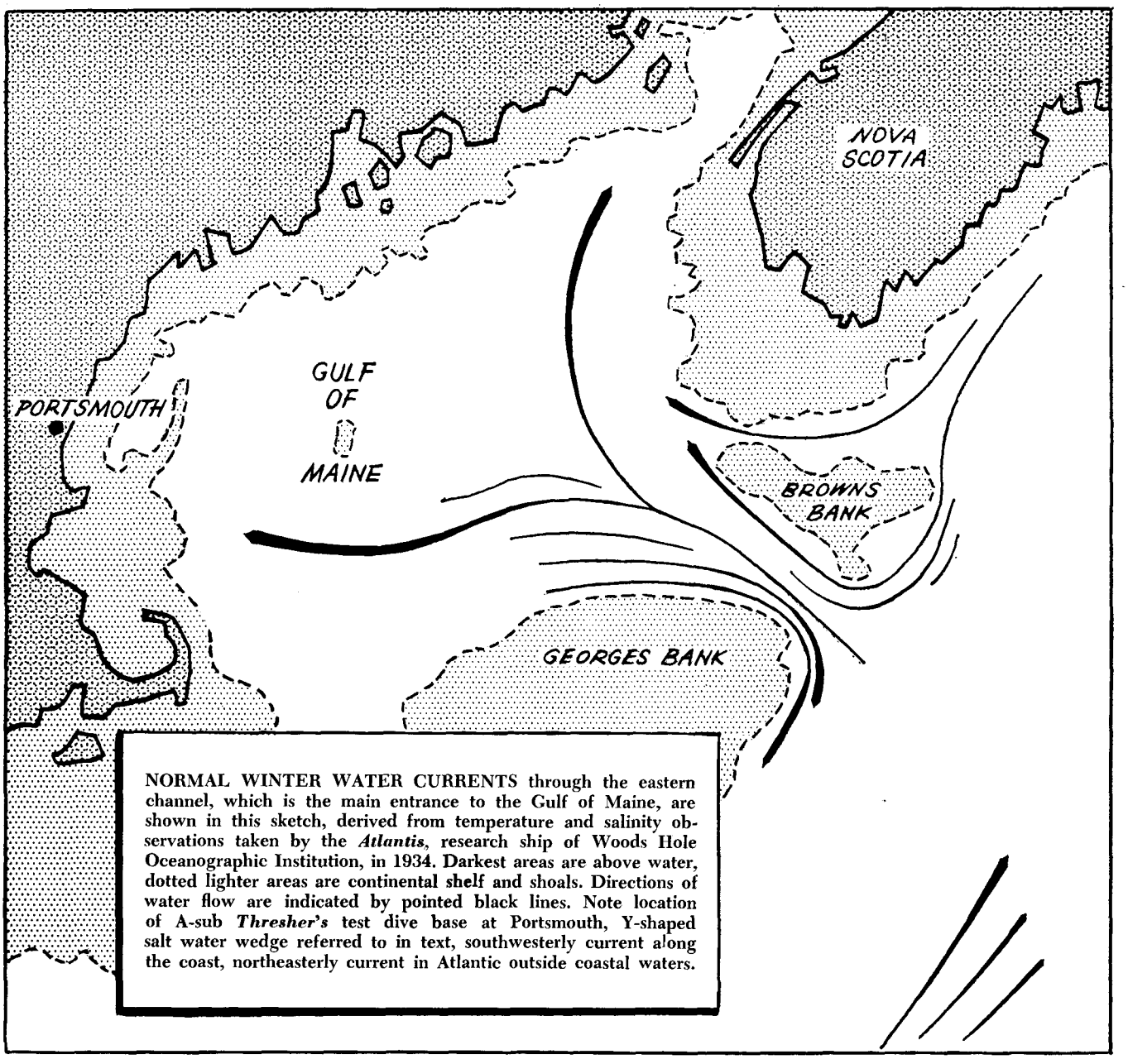

NORMAL WINTER WATER CURRENTS through the eastern channel, which is the main entrance to the Gulf of Maine, are shown in this sketch, derived from temperature and salinity observations taken by the ***Atlantis***, research ship of Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, in 1934. Darkest areas are above water, dotted lighter areas are continental shelf and shoals. Directions of water flow are indicated by pointed black lines. Note location of A-sub ***Thresher's*** test dive base at Portsmouth, Y-shaped salt water wedge referred to in text, southwesterly current along the coast, northeasterly current in Atlantic outside coastal waters.

—Sketch by Doug Anderson, after charts in Oceanus, journal of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution.

the excess water that had flooded into the Gulf had to go out again. And the easiest and most friction-free exit was the Eastern Channel.

Now the *Atlantis*, oldest of the research ships of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, made one winter series of observations across the Eastern Channel: late in March 1934. Although the recorded bottom profile of the Channel is not as accurate as would be shown now by the more modern instruments on the *Atlantis II*, the readings of temperature and salinity can be taken to indicate the normal situation in the Channel at that time of year. From these data, it can be seen that the stirring of the wind and the convection of the water result in nearly homogenous water over both Georges Bank and Browns Bank and down to a depth of about 100 meters near the center of the gully. Below the 100-meter level, both temperature and salinity increase rapidly with depth. The increasing salinity, of course, stabilizes the water column.

At the bottom of the gully, the water is relatively warm and salty. There is a prehistoric reason for this condition. During the ice ages, when tons of water were locked up in solid form, the level of the sea was lower than it is at present. During that time rivers running across the surface of the land between what is now Cape Cod and Nova Scotia all emptied into the sea through a Y-shaped drainage basin, the stem of the Y being the present Eastern Channel.

As the ice age glaciers shrank, the water they released pushed up the level of the sea. Today, the old Y-shaped estuary is sunken in the bottom of the Gulf of Maine, and a reverse system of drainage prevails. The fresher upper water from the land moves out of the Gulf near the surface of the Channel, primarily on the Georges Bank side of the Channel, and the saltier water flows inward to the Gulf along the Channel bottom. This undermost wedge of very salty water moves back and forth between the sea and the deeper part of the Gulf of Maine at all times of the year. We can still trace this salty wedge westward within a few miles of Cape Cod and northward to the approaches of the Bay of Fundy, along the two branches of the ancient Y.

At mid-depths of the Eastern Channel, water flowing southward along the edge of the Nova Scotian continental

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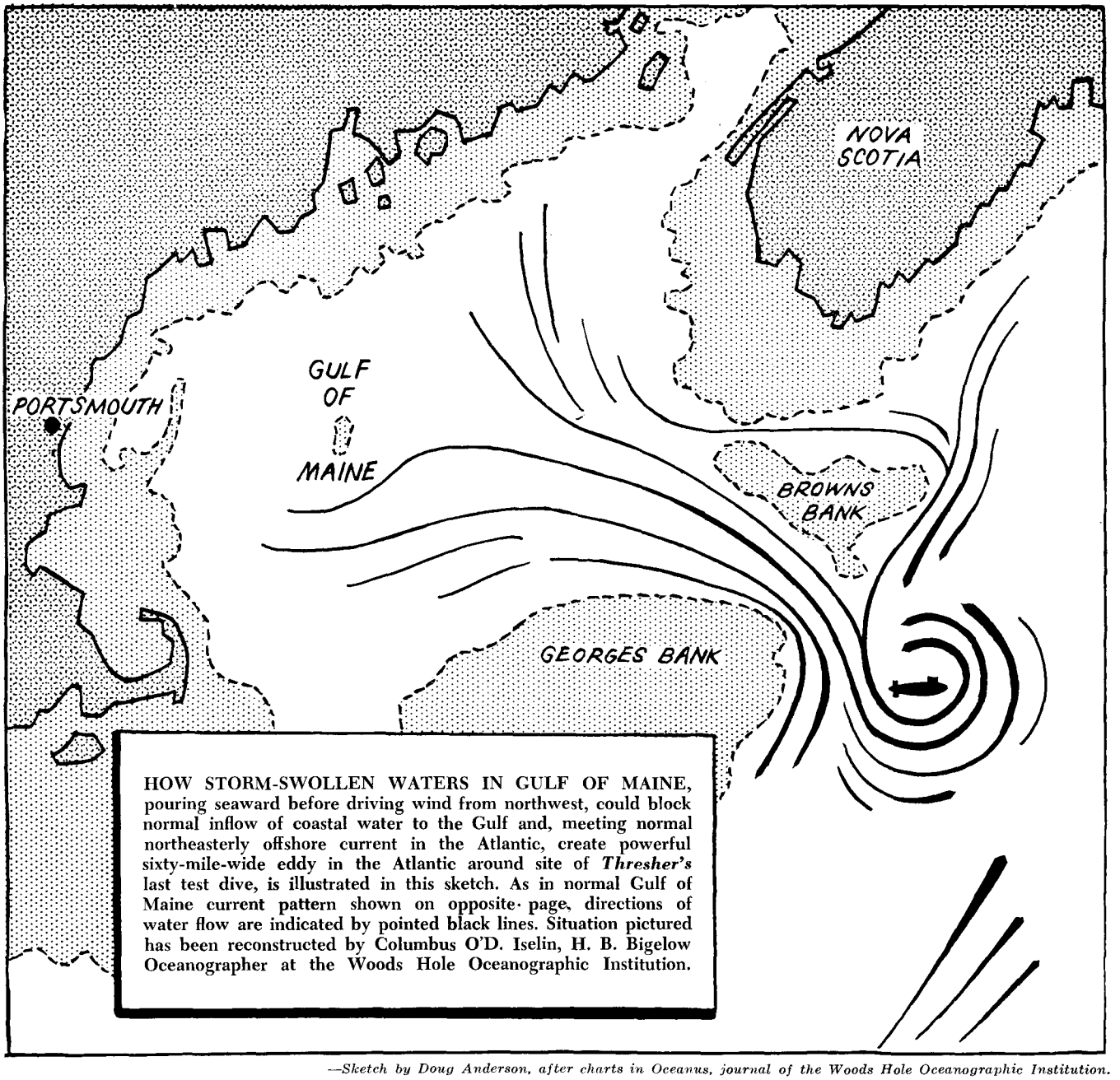

HOW STORM-SWOLLEN WATERS IN GULF OF MAINE, pouring seaward before driving wind from northwest, could block normal inflow of coastal water to the Gulf and, meeting normal northeasterly offshore current in the Atlantic, create powerful sixty-mile-wide eddy in the Atlantic around site of ***Thresher's*** last test dive, is illustrated in this sketch. As in normal Gulf of Maine current pattern shown on opposite page, directions of water flow are indicated by pointed black lines. Situation pictured has been reconstructed by Columbus O'D. Iselin, H. B. Bigelow Oceanographer at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution.

—Sketch by Doug Anderson, after charts in Oceanus, journal of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution.

shelf moves into the Gulf on the Browns Bank side. Presumably, the flow out of the Gulf on the Georges Bank side is usually considerably stronger, for it must carry all the water draining off the land as well as the water in the always present salt-water wedge.

In short, the Eastern Channel can be likened to an inverse Straits of Gibraltar. It is the primary path by which the Gulf of Maine "breathes," or adjusts itself to exceptional conditions. Such conditions had been occurring, as I have shown, for several days before the fatal dive of the *Thresher*.

Following is my interpretation of the most likely current system prevailing at the approximate test depth of the *Thresher* (given by the newspapers as 1,200 feet) off the Eastern Channel at the time of the submarine's last dive.

I assume that the normal movement of southwesterly-flowing Nova Scotian coastal water into the Gulf of Maine had been blocked by a greatly increased outflow from the Gulf. The seaward-rushing water, meeting the usual northeastly flow of Atlantic current beyond the coast in the area assigned to the *Thresher's* test dive, could generate a strong counterclockwise eddy surrounding the diving submarine.

We haven't seen many counterclockwise eddies north of the Gulf Stream. Consequently, we don't know much about them yet. But I estimate from the circumstances that this eddy would have been about sixty miles across and that the energy poured into it from the Gulf of Maine would have been enough to keep the whirlpool going for at least a period of days, perhaps for several weeks, after the storm feeding it had passed.

Such an eddy would be an undersea equivalent of its parent storm in the atmosphere: a revolving cell with different levels of pressure spiraling out from the focus of energy. If only the impetus of the unusually heavy flow of water from the Gulf of Maine were involved, the water would flatten out in equal layers of equal density and dissipate the energy fairly quickly. But the eastward turning of the earth, the so-called "Coriolis force," affects movement of water as well as movement of air. Its result in the water is to tighten the spiral of pressure inside the whirlpool. The water compressed at the center of the eddy must go somewhere. It can't go down because the successive layers of water beneath it are progressively

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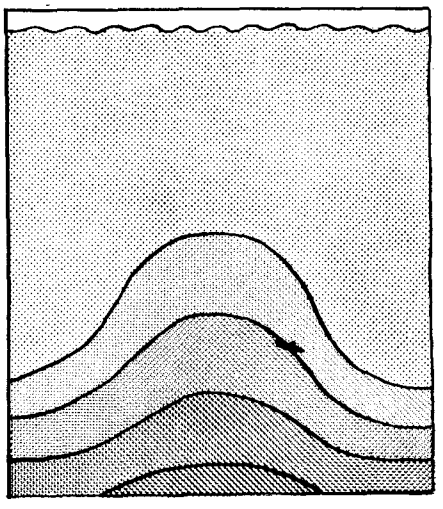
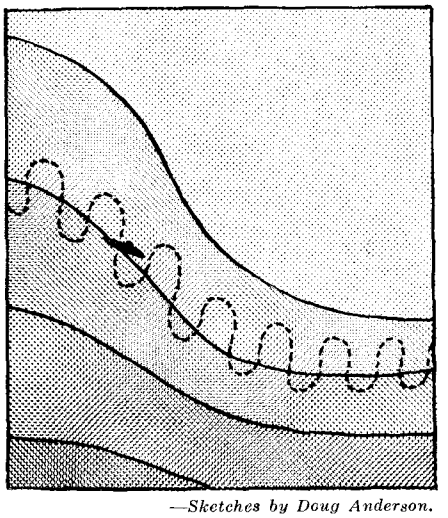
denser as the bottom is approached. So the eddy humps upward at the center to form a dome.

The sharper the slope of the dome, the steeper is the gradient of pressure between the dome and the water above it as well as between successive layers of the steadily saltier water under the dome within the eddy. At depths where the density of the water is increasing most rapidly in the downward direction (as is true in the Atlantic off the Eastern Channel entrance to the Gulf of Maine), less dense water therefore surrounds the eddy at every level.



THIS CROSS-SECTION OF THE EDDY described in accompanying text shows dome-shaped nature of trap *Thresher* may have encountered. Progressively darker shading indicates increasing density of water with depth. Note how submarine would drop off into less buoyant water regardless of direction of its travel.



—Sketches by Doug Anderson.

WITH APPROACH OF INTERNAL waves, the *Thresher's* danger would intensify. Note how submarine is now suspended over 300-foot-deep trough of wave at time of entering less buoyant water.

If this picture is accurate, the *Thresher* was trapped in an undersea tempest unknown to the skipper or crew or anyone else, and no matter in which direction the submarine headed it would suddenly encounter much less dense water as it neared the limits of the eddy.

Being unaware that he was struggling with a storm of this type, the diving officer of the *Thresher* would not prepare to blow ballast and lighten the submarine as it passed out of the buoyant water of the eddy into the less buoyant water roundabout. Instead, he would suddenly be aware that his ship —already headed downward in diving position—was descending faster than expected for unexplained reasons.

NORMALLY, this would not be a fatal predicament. There would be time to shift ballast and slow the dive.

Here, however, a second factor may have come into play. The same storm that had disrupted the usual flow of water through the Eastern Channel into the Gulf of Maine, and so had created the eddy in the Atlantic off the Channel mouth, was now off the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. There the winds were pounding the surface of the sea in gusts, generating in all directions internal waves beneath the sea surface. Such waves are always present in open water. They travel very slowly, for thousands of miles. Beginning at zero magnitude on the surface, they are somehow amplified as they go down until they reach the zone of sharpest transition in the density of the seawater. In that zone the waves may be running as high as 500 feet from trough to crest (a 50-foot wave on the sea surface is extraordinarily high). Below that level they gradually damp out to zero magnitude on the sea bottom.

Rather little is known about the amplitudes and periods (crest-to-crest passage times) of internal waves as they approach a funnel-like feature such as the Eastern Channel. But in the terms by which travel distances for internal waves are commonly measured, the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence is not very far away from the entrance to the Gulf of Maine. It would be conservative to expect internal waves 300 feet high at the diving site of the *Thresher* and a wave period perhaps as short as eight minutes.

A submarine approaching such an internal wave at five or six knots would roughly halve the period. In sliding down the trough of such a wave, the ship might have as little as three minutes time for a ballast shift which its pumps could not make in that time.

An atomic-submariner might be startled by that prospect, but not panicked. He would say, "This is one of the types of emergency our A-subs were designed to escape. I'll just rev up the A-power and fly out of trouble." And he would be right, theoretically. Just as an airplane pilot in dangerously low altitude situations may zoom downward to pick up speed and then loop upward on the momentum thus gained, so the *Thresher* could have made a power dive and pulled up sharply by means of the powerful fins alongside its sail (conning tower).

HERE again, however, man would be struggling with nature in terms of time. The power in an A-furnace cannot be turned up with the same speed that produces electric current upon the push of a button or the flick of a switch. A-furnace control involves a heat transfer process, which occupies several minutes — minutes during which the submarine would be continuing downward, picking up speed as it went.

If that would have been the moment when (as was suggested in the report of the U.S. Navy panel of inquiry into the *Thresher* loss) one of the submarine's pipes broke, and if the break disabled the switchboard controlling the ballast pumps, the ultimate collapse of the *Thresher*, at depths beyond the depth for which the submarine was designed, would be understandable.

AT LEAST THREE STRATEGICALLY IMPORTANT QUESTIONS can be read in the above report, an expanded version of one which appeared in the September 1963 issue of *Oceanus*, journal of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution. FIRST: Is the water ballast aboard U.S. atomic submarines adequate to cope with emergencies like the one hypothesized here? Should the ballast tanks and/or ballast pumping system be enlarged? SECOND: Is the creeping test-dive tradition of pre-atomic submarines adequate for A-subs, designed to "fly" out of trouble? THIRD: Is the mouth of the Gulf of Maine a safe site for A-sub test dives? The answers lie in information classified for military reasons. But the following facts are not classified: a gallon of water weighs 8.33 pounds, an A-sub weighs 3,500 tons, the density of sea water in the eddy described by Dr. Iselin might change from 1.024 to 1.026 percent. Given these facts, math puzzlers can do some educated guessing about how many gallons of water ballast would need to be expelled to trim an A-sub diving in such an eddy. —J. L.

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LETTER FROM KANSAS

CANNING SUNSTUFF BENEATH THE PLAINS

LIBERAL, KANSAS

JUST five years short of a century ago, an eclipse of the sun occurred in the month of August. Among those who watched the moon's shadow crossing India was a French astronomer, J. Janssen, who noticed some bright lines that hadn't been seen before in the spectrum of the sun's fringe visible around the moon. Later in that year 1868, a British astrophysicist, J. Norman Lockyer, singled out of Janssen's bright lines one particular yellow line which he said came from the burning of a natural element not known to exist on earth. Because the Greek name for the sun was helios, Lockyer called this element helium.

In 1891, helium was seen for the first time on earth by W. F. Hillebrand, a chemist on the staff of the U. S. Geological Survey. But Hillebrand didn't realize what he had seen. He simply pointed out that an odorless, tasteless gas, which would not burn under any conditions he could create in the laboratory, had been given off when he heated uranium oxide. Four years later an Englishman, Sir William Ramsay, duplicated Hillebrand's experiment and identified the gas as helium. Not long thereafter it was determined that helium is a byproduct of the natural disintegration of radioactive elements and is also found in mineral springs, in iron meteorites, and in the atmosphere.

Few if any of the several hundred inhabitants of Dexter, a tiny town near Wichita in Kansas, were aware of the foregoing when, in 1903, they invited neighbors from miles around to join in public celebration of the blow-in of Dexter's first natural gas well. The neighbors came. The initiatory torch was lit and held above the well's mouth. And the gas that rose from the well extinguished the torch.

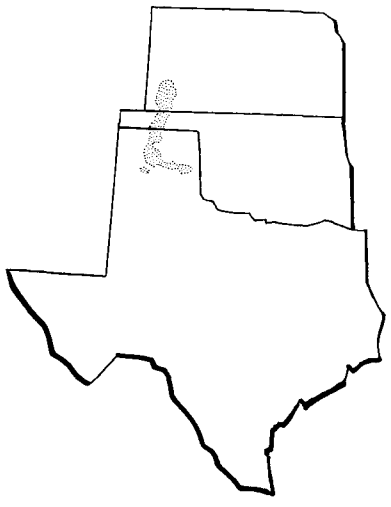
"Wind gas!" the unhappy people of Dexter cried. They had another name, too, for the contents of their disappointing well: "asbestos gas," because it wouldn't burn.

So loud was their collective expressions of frustration that the late Professor Hamilton P. Cady came from the University of Kansas in Lawrence to look into their complaint. He identified their "asbestos gas" as a mixture of nitrogen and helium. If he had stopped there, no Kansas Historical Society marker would stand, as one stands now, at the intersection of U. S. Highway 166 and Kansas State Highway 15 to tell passersby that the old Dexter gas well head can still be visited only five miles distant. But Cady was a jolly pink-faced man who enjoyed a circus. One of the shows he staged in his lab when I was his pupil thirty-odd years ago involved liquid air. And some of the dramatic qualities of liquid air were shared by helium.

Professor Cady passed his enthusiasm for helium along to one of his graduate students, Dr. Clifford Seibel. Dr. Seibel's interest resided in the gas solely because the gas was there. At a meeting of the American Chemical Society in Kansas City, Mo., in 1917, Dr. Seibel read a research paper on helium which ended with words something like these: "I am sorry, gentlemen, that helium has no practical application." In the audience that day was Dr. R. B. Moore, superintendent of the U. S. Bureau of Mines experiment station at Golden, Colo. He jumped up at once and announced receipt of a suggestion from Sir William Ramsay in England. Sir William said it might be possible for the United States to recover enough helium to float observation balloons to protect the British North Sea fleet against German attack.

"Nonsense," said Dr. Seibel. "I am now in possession of the entire world supply of pure helium. It is only enough to fill a hat. It is worth $2,500. How could we afford to fill balloons with helium?"

Yet the U. S. Congress, after declaring war on Germany a few months later, appropriated $100,000 for recovery of helium. When the Armistice was signed, 140,000 cubic feet of the gas was on the docks at New Orleans, awaiting shipment to the battlefront.



—Doug Anderson.

PLANET EARTH'S BIGGEST pocket of helium lies under the surface of Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas, in L-shaped area marked by dots in map above. Mixed with natural gas there, helium is now being pumped up, extracted, and stored underground again in small pocket shown at base of the dotted L near Amarillo.

SECOND only to explosive hydrogen in lightness, helium might logically be expected to find its greatest use in its lifting capacity. But although Navy blimps and weather radiosondes do employ it, helium is needed in far greater quantities for shielded arc welding, for operation of atomic furnaces, for processing of atom-age metals like zirconium and hafnium and titanium, for growng silicon and germanium transistor crystals, for propulsion of rockets, and for transformation of metals to a superconductive state in which electric current once started flows indefinitely.

At least 90 per cent of the free world's supply of helium is bottled under the states of Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas, in two contiguous natural gas reservoirs—the Hugoton and the Panhandle (see map, left). A network of plants designed to extract helium from the natural gas in this enormous underground pocket is now being run jointly by five companies—Panhandle Eastern Pipeline, National Distillers and Chemical, Northern Natural Gas, Cities Service, and Phillips Petroleum—under long contract with the U. S. Bureau of Mines. On September 24th, the biggest unit in the network, biggest of its kind on earth, was dedicated here in Liberal.

It could not have happened if a Frenchman hadn't watched the moon eclipsing the sun, if an Englishman hadn't watched the same eclipse more closely than the Frenchman, if another Englishman hadn't followed up an observation ignored by an American, and if the people of Dexter hadn't complained when their festival torch went dark. —JOHN ALEXANDER.

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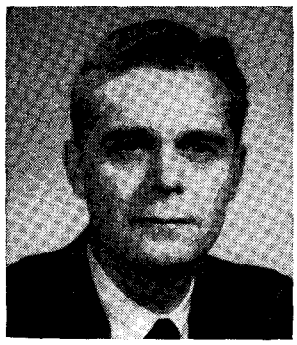
THE RESEARCH FRONTIER



—*Linde.*

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?

The Letter from Kansas, on the page of SR which precedes this page, reports an historic development in conservation of an only recently appreciated natural resource. Helium gas, which for years had been a wasted component of natural gas brought up from underground by thousands of well pumps in the American Southwest, is now being stored for man's future benefit. Some of this treasure will be useful in its normal gaseous state, to lift balloons without fear of explosion. But most of the helium supply will go to work in the form of liquid.

Because it doesn't condense until the temperature goes down 452 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, helum can act as a refrigerating bath for almost anything else on earth. At sufficiently low temperatures, many metals will enter a superconducting state in which their electrons, once put into motion, continue moving indefi-

BY A. P. RINFRET

The Linde Company, Division of Union Carbide

APPARENTLY, the practitioners of the magic arts have convinced a considerable number of people that goldfish can be frozen in liquid air and on thawing resume their placid way of life completely unaffected by the experience. On occasion, having been assured by a visitor that this feat is not only possible, but that he has seen it done himself, we have carried out the experiment in our own laboratories. Invariably the visitor has been disappointed—if not convinced—by the results. The frozen, then thawed, goldfish is observed to be quite placid. Nothing disturbs him. He appears disinterested. He is, in fact, dead.

Fortunately, these negative results were explained almost twenty-five years ago by Professor B. J. Luyet, who showed that the achievement of the magician lay in deluding the audience into thinking that the fish which survives the trick was immersed in liquid air for the same length of time as the fish broken to pieces to prove that it is frozen. A completely frozen fish is a completely dead fish.

This is not to say, however, that fish and many other multicellular but still primitive forms of animal life do not have the capacity to resist some degree of freezing. In a few cases, exceptional thus far and not including fish, the resistance appears to extend to complete freezing. There are, for example, insects which secrete glycerol during the autumn of the year and so provide themselves with natural antifreeze for the winter. Another insect can grow and metamorphose successfully after 97 per cent of its body water has been removed and the insect has been subjected to temperatures just above theoretical zero.

Once ice formation starts in animal tissues, damage of greater or lesser degree will result. Just how extensive freezing may be, yet permit recovery of the animal, is illustrated in the remarkable work of A. V. Smith and her associates on whole body cooling of the hamster, a natural hibernator. Hamsters in which ice formation started after supercooling to a body temperature of –2.5°C., but not below, recovered completely and survived for many months in normal health. Resuscitation was effected by warming the whole body with diathermy. These workers showed that, under their experimental conditions, 60 to 90 per cent of the water in the subcutaneous tissue, 50 to 60 per cent of the water content of the brain, and 30 to 50 per cent of the water in the colon had been converted to ice. Nevertheless, animals so treated recovered fully.

Those animals that died after whole-body freezing were found to have suffered hemorrhage of the stomach, an example of the consequences of solute concentration during freezing. Histological studies showed that the hemorrhage occurred in the hydrochloric acid-secreting portion of the stomach, the lower compartment of the organ.

Animals undergoing ice formation when supercooled below –2.5°C invariably died, indicating that there were definite limits to the amount of ice formation before irreparable damage resulted.

In experimentation of this type, it will be apparent that the time factor cannot be ignored. The hamster experiments involved periods of an hour or less in the frozen state before rewarming. More prolonged exposure to these conditions would inevitably have resulted in a greater loss of animals.

ALTHOUGH mammals may withstand a considerable degree of ice formation throughout the body mass at temperatures not exceeding a few degrees below zero, any attempt at prolonged preservation under conditions of total body freezing, a technique which the newspapers have recently headlined as a space age miracle which will permit the shipment of astronauts beyond the confines of the solar system, would seem doomed to failure. Astronauts may one day be subjected to extreme cooling in preparation for a journey to one of the planets of Sirius, but it can be taken for granted that they will not be prepared for this adventure by converting their available body water to ice.

Certainly the work of Smith, in which animals survived whole-body freezing, is but a first step. Progress will depend on the synthesis of many skills. Application of the knowledge of various engineering disciplines to biological problems will be essential.

Perhaps those whose efforts are centered in the laboratory under more temperate conditions of work will pursue a course, as D. Grieff has done with unadapted forms *in vitro*, which will shed light on the biochemistry of survival in the frozen state under naturally occurring low temperatures.

What enzyme systems are functioning? How is stored energy utilized? How are the extremes of solute concentration tolerated?

The biophysicists will find much to interest them as they seek answers to such problems as the state of organization of water in cold-adapted organisms, the distribution and structure of ice within and outside their cells, and the phenomenon of supercooling in plant and animal tissues.

Among forms of life unadapted to cold it would seem likely that potential medical utility will provide motivation for investigators to join those now working in this field. It is certain that medicine will adapt to its uses the destructive effects of freezing in various surgical procedures [such as treatment of gastric ulcers], just as it will employ cells and tissues preserved in viable form in the frozen state. Maximum achievement in these areas will come when the effects of freezing on the component structures of the cell are understood. Study of the response of the membranous parts

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nitely with no further impetus. Hence electric current, having been introduced into a closed circuit of superconducting materials, will operate the circuit thenceforth at no added cost in energy.

This cryogenic method has been employed in making magnets of unprecedented power, bearings free of friction, messaging devices (masers and lasers) capable of extraordinary amplification and direction, and computer elements destined to miniaturize and so to revolutionize the robots involved in automation. Some experts in cryogenics say that by 1965 this super-cold area of science will have accumulated around itself a billion-dollar-a-year engineering industry; more conservative men say the billion-dollar mark may not be reached until 1970. A state-of-the-art summary has just been published by John Wiley & Sons: "Cryogenic Technology" edited by Robert W. Vance. One of the chapters is excerpted below.

of cells not only to the phase transitions [of water to ice] as such but to the rate at which temperature is changed will be of fundamental importance. The work of J. E. Lovelock on the red cell and of C. V. Lusena on mitochondrial membranes [the sac like structures containing the powerhouses of the cells] clearly indicates that further pursuit of basic knowledge on this problem should be fruitful. Certainly, it can be expected that banks of frozen tissues, now in their earliest stages, will become commonplace.

Frozen blood seems destined to be of increasing significance in medical and surgical procedures. Preservation in the frozen state will eliminate waste in general blood-banking operations [because frozen blood apparently can be stored indefinitely, whereas whole blood in the liquid state can be kept only twenty-one days—although some blood components can be saved for longer periods]. Perhaps of even greater importance to those of us with rare blood types, it will permit the banking of one's own blood, to be held specifically for one's own use should later need arise. [Indeed, such banking is being done now by the Protein Foundation under contract with U.S. Navy Hospital, Chelsea, Mass.] These objectives are impossible to attain in the present system wherein blood is stored in the liquid state. Similarly unattainable is the concept of a blood reserve for large-scale emergency use, unless low-temperature storage facilities are established.

BONE marrow may be banked on a personal basis to combat the effects of accidental exposure to excessive levels of radiation or to the action of radiation or radiomimetic drugs in the treatment of cancer. Should the immunological problems associated with the reaction of an individual to the transplanted tissue of another be resolved, not only bone marrow but many other tissues and organs such as kidneys, endocrine glands, skin, and so on, will be banked for surgical implantation in patients whose own organs have been damaged by injury or disease. Such banking operations, however, await the prior success of the immunologist.

Although the significance of cryobiology to human welfare in medical terms is not difficult to envisage, perhaps the most basic application of cryobiology will come in the biological archive. This concept has various implications but its essence lies in the nature of living material. Subject to continuous change by virtue of its genetic mechanism, as well as by a multitude of environmental factors, the very process of life is often an obstacle to, as well as an object of fundamental interest in, scientific research. If they can preserve living systems under conditions which permit of no significant change over periods measured in years (or even better, in centuries) the scientists of the present will provide themselves with a powerful tool and will pass on to their intellectual descendants reference material of inestimable value. For example: Viral and bacterial organisms, cancer tissue, algae, and other living entities are currently maintained for study by continual subculture. In many cases, undesired changes are known to occur during culture. In all cases, the risk of undesired change is present. By laying down stocks of such material under appropriate storage conditions, the hazard would be avoided and cut cost.

THE biological archive is, in fact, already the basis of a flourishing commercial enterprise. The frozen semen industry stores spermatoza from pure-bred sires with genetically desirable characteristics in liquid nitrogen (−196°C), marketing this material for insemination in dairy cattle. Although cryogenic preservation of semen is thus of obvious business significance, its scientific significance as a repository of germ plasm is no less important. With such procedures it should be possible to maintain reserves of fertilizing cells not only for plants and animals but for man as well.

The work of J. K. Sherman, in which more than twenty human children have been born following artificial insemination with sperm preserved by cryogenic techniques, has profound scientific, medical, and social connotations. Of a similar ultimate significance are the studies conducted by Sherman and his associates on the effects of low temperature on mammalian ova. If both sperm and ova can be preserved for indefinitely prolonged periods, there can be made available a facility of major scientific value which might serve as a defensive measure to insure the continued existence of many of the lower forms of life.

The first low-temperature biological archives for organisms other than spermatozoa are now in existence. Neoplastic [cancerous] and normal mammalian cells have been stored since 1958. Two years ago the American Type Culture Collection established a bank operating on liquid nitrogen, and others of this type are now being organized in this country and in Britain.

Thus the objective of preserving living material in suspended animation is no longer hindered by lack of appropriate low-temperature technology. It is not unreasonable to surmise that cells and tissues stored today will be available for examination a century or more in the future.

Can man accomplish his own preservation during interplanetary space missions which may last for generations, as time is measured on earth?

If so, the consequences of ice formation in body tissues must be avoided, or ice formation must be eliminated. Much more information than is at present available must be gathered.

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XC

SHIRO TASHIRO: AMERICAN SCIENTIST

The Passing of a Pioneer in Microchemistry Recalls the Global Nature of Democracy's Genius

—Bachrach.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

A SMALL Japanese village was Shiro Tashiro's birthplace: one street, an open sewer running the length of it, and on rising ground toward the far end, the graveyard with its Shinto lamps. The village was near the southernmost tip of the southernmost Japanese island, Kyushu. A jinrikisha many years later took me from Kagoshima, the big city of the province, in an hour. Funakura was the name of the village.

Tashiro's mother was sharp, practical; had to be with an impractical husband. Religious, ritualistic, she would move back and forth in the one large room that constituted the house by day (the shoji having been pushed aside), stop each time for an instant before the house-shrine, offer up a prayer, the next instant explode with village gossip. This occurred three or four times an hour. A good beginning that might be for any man—labor, thrift, gossip, faith.

The citizens of Funakura did some community saving. The money collected in a hundred ways in small contributions. Then a lump of it would drop into the pocket of some bright student.

A particular lump was just enough to get Shiro from Japan to the United States. "America" is how he always spoke of this country.

When Tashiro arrived in San Francisco from Yokohama, he did not find the man who was to meet him. So he continued to Chicago, met the man, was advised to return to San Francisco, to learn to cook chop suey. Tashiro accepted the advice, but did not enjoy cooking chop suey. So back again he went to Chicago, took miscellaneous jobs, enrolled in a high school.

His purpose in enrolling in the high school was to study English. He enrolled also in a Chicago church—to study English. He hung about Chicago's busy intersections—to study English. He never all his life spoke English freely, yet he knew it sensitively.

The first years of Tashiro in Chicago were the waking years of a new century: the twentieth. The spirit at the University of Chicago was awake. Shiro entered the University of Chicago as if that were inevitable. He went to science as if that were inevitable. He went to chemistry in the same way. And to biochemistry. All in life he did naturally, because he did almost always only what was natural to him.

At the university, he caught the imagination of the director of the Department of Biochemistry, A. P. Mathews, who had written the book on biochemistry that was the principal American text for three decades. Mathews was theoretical, hot tempered. Shiro Tashiro was not theoretical, not hot-tempered. Those two, so different, together a natural integral piece in the mosaic of an American university, were useful to each other, teacher and pupil.

Tashiro had quick hands. He could blow glass—enjoyed it. It was a game. Enjoyed any game. Played with anyone. At the same time he benefited by the isolation of the foreigner to find in himself the scientist who was there. He could, incidentally, do that valuable thing, sleep at the drop of a hat, and he could dream. He could dream nighttime or daytime.

After ten years in America he took a wife, with steady, quick hands, too. She met him by photograph in the house of a friend in Hawaii, this leading to a Japanese go-between marriage in Honolulu, December 9, 1915. Shizuka was her name. Shizuka came with Shiro to Chicago, did not allow herself to dream daytime, boiled rice for Shiro in such a way that each kernel was cooked through yet stood dry and independent of every other kernel.

The years went fast, especially the next five. Small and growing individuals, two boys and a girl, had now joined with oto-san and oka-san (daddy and mama) at dinner. Shiro could cook, too. Shizuka half a century later would remember how he cooked and would smile—almost. Those were happy days, hard work, Shiro going after dinner back to the laboratory, staying half the night, developing into a distinguished biochemistry investigator, a teacher. And a wrestler—Japanese style. And a humanist—possibly that was the best of all—a man who brought some frail but recognized values to the University of Chicago.

The biological sciences were in a bright mood at the University of Chicago. C. M. Child was studying flatworms for their so-called metabolic gradients. The Englishman, A. M. Waller, came all the way from England to see the piece of work that Tashiro had begun to do. Waller liked Tashiro, was himself a dreamer besides being the busiest kind of investigator of electrical events in the living.

IMPORTANT questions were being asked within the university—within the framework of the time. Tashiro also was asking. He would write out his question. Write out the anticipated answer. Write out the method. Write a description of apparatus. Then build it. Try it.

Does a nerve breathe? Does it produce carbon dioxide? How much? How much more carbon dioxide when active than when at rest? Is it more at the receiving end of a nerve? In the center? At the outgoing end?

Does a dead grain of wheat breathe? Does a living grain? Does it give off carbon dioxide?

What is the difference in the quantity of that gas for five minutes of

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breathing of a single fertilized fish egg, and a single unfertilized?

What difference between a bit of leaf in the dark and in the sunlight?

What is living irritability—chemically?

To answer such questions, Tashiro needed to measure minute quantities of this carbon dioxide. And to do it he needed an atmosphere that was itself free of carbon dioxide. Tashiro managed it. How he managed it is a long story. But the result was that the freed atmosphere could be fed under controlled temperature and pressure into a sealed system where the bit of nerve or leaf was placed.

THIS happened in 1913. It was one of the crude beginnings of the wonder we now understand as michrochemistry.

The biometer—the life-meter—is what he called his apparatus. It had two small chambers for the breathing, each with a cup only large enough to hold a drop of a solution, barium hydroxide. When this chemical came into contact with carbon dioxide, a salt would form —barium carbonate. Tashiro planned his work with that one salt in mind, because barium carbonate was comparatively insoluble.

As the bit of living structure which Tashiro was studying would breathe, crystals of the carbonate, imperceptible first, and then a just perceptible frost, would appear on the rounded surface of the drop of hydroxide.

To see those crystals Tashiro required a lens. To wait for them—patience.

The minimum of carbon dioxide that would give a just perceptible frost could be determined. Once it was, the rate of any breathing could be determined.

Some scientific articles were written by Tashiro about his method—great family excitement over them. Finally there was a delightful book that had literary overtones, published by the University of Chicago Press, *A Chemical Sign of Life.*

To make more visible Tashiro's contribution to history, there should be mentioned another man of the same time who interested himself in minutae. This was A. V. Hill, an English scientist who measured very small amounts of the heat generated by living muscle. Hill approached nature as simply as Tashiro did, from a different angle, with a thermocouple. Hill won the Nobel Prize in 1922 by persistently measuring minute amounts of energy in muscle.

I believe that Tashiro, too, might have become a Nobelist if he had continued, as he had begun, measuring minutely the respiration of nerves. Instead, after achieving success in tracking the life process with carbon dioxide, he pursued another gas on which life depends—ammonia. He followed it into the liver, followed it through the liver for fifteen years, ultimately lost himself in the liver, as had so many other scientists before him.

I DOUBT that Tashiro ever thought of a Nobel Prize for himself. He was amazingly unpretentious. For example, he was happy at the University of Chicago as long as Mathews, his teacher, was happy there. And when Mathews left Chicago for the University of Cincinnati—for love of quiet, disdain for size—Tashiro came to Cincinnati because Mathews came.

When Tashiro began as professor of biochemistry at Cincinnati in December 1918, the country was in the midst of World War I. Feelings were tense. Activities were at their highest. Minds were alert. Tashiro's also. He was useful to everyone. Willing to help everyone. Grasped the other man's problem, grasped it quietly but with passion, as if it were his own, genuinely strove to see where its difficulties lay. Colleagues often called on his talent for mathematics.

Tashiro's daughter Mitsu (who as a small girl never walked, preferred to hop on one foot, on tiptoe where possible, to the joy of her father's heart) called on his mathematics, too, left her unsolved arithmetic with the book open to the right page, and went to bed, slept well—oto-san could work it all out when he came home some time toward morning.

A medical student, on the contrary, would prefer not to call attention to his mathematics. Tashiro would say in his quaint language (it grew more and more personal with the years) that the student had done his calculations with commendable care, then had misplaced the decimal point. "Too bad." And he would take out his small black notebook where the names were, might soften, might not, might let an abrupt amusing thought slip out in his face like a break in a cloud.

Whoever once saw him—it might be half a block away—felt his trimness and his charm. Each of his colleagues would have a special recollection. This is mine:

He is lying—2 A.M.—a July night—on the lawn of the College of Medicine, very still, gazing at the stars. I come near where he is lying. I ask him what he is doing. "Dreaming," he says, whispers it. "Just dreaming."

Then he spoke with a sudden loud low enthusiasm of the poetic sweep of a lecture he had heard at the University of Chicago by Forest Ray Moulton, the astronomer. Back of us was the dark building of the College of Medicine, in it his laboratory, in the laboratory an experiment that required recordings through the night.

In 1924, Tashiro received a most satisfying award: the Gakushuin Prize of the Imperial Acadamy of Arts of Japan. To get it, he had to go back home. He never said it in words, but I could feel that he feared to go. He was a nervous man, thought he somehow might not return if he went alone. So I agreed to follow him to Yokohama.

I arrived on the morning of the day the American Exclusion Act went into effect. If the temper was dangerous, I was less aware of it than Tashiro—but he did have to carry the responsibility for me. He decided we ought to leave Tokyo immediately, that night, go south. Then he decided it would be easier for him to say to his friends that I was German—until we were out of Tokyo. In the next days he decided that the temper was even more dangerous in the south.

Nothing happened. Nothing whatever. Everybody was courteous. He himself was wonderfully so. I never knew, indeed, quite what he was talking about. He had become more Japanese the farther he penetrated into Japan.

Doctors were sure to understand me if I spoke to them in German, he assured me. He would ask me to give a lecture in some tiny place—in the neighborhood of his birth—to some group of doctors assembled in a geisha house with the mood of a thousand years ago. Usually it was night. Usually the sea was near. Flickering illumination. I would give the same old talk, in German. Tashiro translated. He translated accurately. I knew no

—Cincinnati. U.

DR. GUSTAV ECKSTEIN (pictured at left) author of the accompanying Personality Portrait of microbiologist Shiro Tashiro, is himself an emeritus professor of physiology at the University of Cincinnati College of Medicine, and owes much to the 1924 visit to Yokohama with Tashiro, mentioned in the Portrait. On that trip, Professor Eckstein became interested in Japanese village life, and out of that peasant background came the famous Eckstein biography of Hideyo Noguchi, one of the greatest biologists of the Orient.

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Japanese. He would screw up his modeled face to search for the phrase that would be precisely right. He translated and translated, and, he knew no German.

In 1941, our roles reversed.

Dramatically our country crashed into World War II on a December Sunday at Pearl Harbor. I was uneasy for Tashiro. I went to him immediately on Monday morning. He was shaken. The mathematician in him said at once that Japan would lose, and quickly, that the people of Japan were made stupid by their militarists.

Milan Logan, the new director of biochemistry at the Cincinnati Medical College, had the respect of the College, therefore the strength to give Tashiro support. He related how Tashiro some months later came to him, saying: "You do not use me enough—in war—any kind of work—any dirty work." So, there was added to his work the grading of student laboratory papers, not gay, as every teacher knows, but precisely the humdrum to fill Tashiro's time and to meet his emotional needs. And the war passed.

To Cincinnati, the city, out and beyond the University, Shiro Tashiro brought the taste and the art of the country of his birth, and added his special personal grace. He had an interest in oriental calligraphy—so we all found we had an interest in oriental calligraphy. For the *Cincinnati Literary Club* he wrote essays, handwrote them. He would bind each in a small colorful volume. Everyone felt the wish to touch that volume, and was allowed to. On a Saturday night, rarely, he would appear at the *Cincinnati Art Club*. All eyes would be on him, the quickness of his body, the perpetually changing shadows on his face.

WHEN he spoke, there was the language disorder. But always his very own words, always his very own voice. He was not innocent. He made scenery of his verbal errors and his genetic differences. His living theatre was the city, Cincinnati, within it its University, and within the University its College of Medicine. This was his new world. He had adapted to it admirably, and remained himself.

After some more years, he began to carry a cane. Into that, also, he introduced his personal grace. He walked more slowly. His speech slowed. His mind, somewhere far in, came forth less often but was unchanged. Shizuka says that he sat more. He stayed up in his room more. "He dreamed and dreamed." At eighty-one, fusslessly, on June 12, 1963, he left. He went off. To Buddha?

—GUSTAV ECKSTEIN.

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

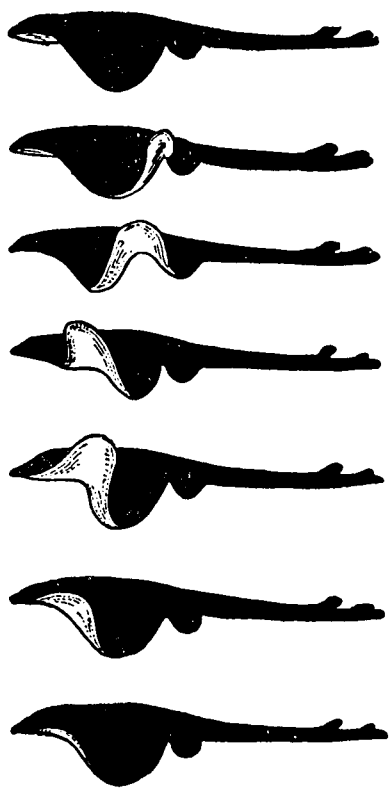
THE HAWK THAT SWIMS

A Fish with Hard-Shelled Eggs, the Skate Swoops on Its Prey.

IN their own quiet, innocuous way, the skates have been responsible for nearly as much misinformation and nonsense as any other creature in the sea. Their curious egg cases, ranging in size from about seven and a half inches long and five and a half wide to about two and a half by one inches, and found on beaches throughout the world, have been called "mermaids' purses," and the skates themselves have been used to perpetuate legends of sea monsters. Dried skates, cut and twisted into weird shapes by puckish sailors—and merchants—have long been sold as curios. Most of this was done by curio dealers —in the Far East in particular. The monstrosities were brought home (Europe, the United States) by sailors.

Skates are oviparous without known exception, and their oblong egg capsules are essentially the same as the oviparous shark's capsules. But, instead of tendrils, the skate's capsules have stiff, pointed horns projecting from all four corners. The capsules are generally coated on one side with a sticky substance. Small pieces of shells, stones, or seaweed adhere to it and help to keep it on the bottom. Sometimes, too, the horns imbed themselves in the muddy or sandy bottom which the skate usually chooses for her hatchery.

Half buried in the sheltering silt of the sea bottom, or snugly moored to a staunch rock or other anchorage, the egg capsule becomes an incubator for the embryo developing within it. The capsule will be the embryo's home for a long time—at least four and a half months, sometimes as long as fifteen months. The tough, horny shell protects the embryo from predators, but, more important, the capsule provides its charge with the stuff of life itself: oxygen. Either by osmosis or by tiny perforations in the capsule, sea water enters and leaves, bathing the embryo with oxygen and carrying off carbon dioxide. Thus, in the early stages of incubation, the capsule acts as a natural sea environment for the embryo.



—*From the book.*

Sketch of a skate in motion.

Nourishing albumen engulfs the embryo, which feeds upon it. The embryo's diet also probably includes some chemical nutrients carried in by the sea. In some species, a plug of albumen seals the slits in the shell. After a while, the albumen is absorbed, thus unsealing the slits. In other species, a delicate membrane temporarily seals the slits. When the slits (located in the horns of the skate's capsules) open, a current of water flows freely through the capsule. When its incubation is completed, the skate slips out of an incredibly narrow slit in the capsule and begins its free life in the sea.

Skates swim by undulating their pectoral fins in a graceful movement that more resembles flying than swimming. But the skate is usually a ground fish which often lies half-buried in the sand or mud. Since its mouth is on the bottom of its body, the skate appears not to be able to catch moving prey by dashing forward; it swims over its victim, then suddenly drops down upon it and devours it.

—HAROLD W. MCCORMICK
and TOM ALLEN
with CAPT. WILLIAM E. YOUNG
in *Shadows in the Sea.*
(Chilton, $10)

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New Film Frontier

Continued from page 21

work of gifted men and women of every race and nationality. They are directed by Englishmen from books by Frenchmen, adapted to the screen by Greeks, costumed by Italians, photographed by Japanese, edited by Swedes, scored by Russians, with Irish company managers and German sound engineers. They are financed jointly by American capitalists and European socialists. Indeed, several pictures have been entitled, or claim to be entitled, to subsidies in so many different countries that they require no financing by anybody.

Co-production, like coexistence, is obviously here to stay. The movie script of Jean-Paul Sartre's *The Condemned of Altona* was written by Abby Mann, an American; directed by De Sica, an Italian; shot in Germany; cast with Sophia Loren, an Italian and Maximilian Schell, an Austrian, along with Fredric March and Robert Wagner (the movie star, not the New York Mayor). Zanuck's *Longest Day* has the longest aggregation of performers and directors of all lands and languages since that early blockbuster, *The Tower of Babel.* When *Lolita* was listed as a U. S.-British entry at the Venice Film Festival, its sponsors were admonished that they would lose their Eady Plan subsidy, reputedly $400,000, unless its partly American origin was promptly disowned. Similarly, *The Trial* was withdrawn from competition at the Mar Del Plata Festival, supposedly because no one could decide to what country it owed its origin. This is understandable because it was written by Kafka, a Czech, directed by Orson Welles (I assume he is still an American), with a cast including the indisputably American Tony Perkins, the German Romy Schneider, the French Jeanne Moreau, the Greek Katina Paxinou, and the Italian Elsa Martinelli.

Samuel Bronston, an American, produces pictures in Spain financed largely by Du Pont from their blocked *pesetas.* Will his forthcoming blockbuster, *The Fall of the Roman Empire,* shot partly in Italy, and partly in Spain, directed by Anthony Mann, and featuring Alex Guinness, Sophia Loren, Mel Ferrer, James Mason, and the music of Dmitri Tiomkin, be an American, Spanish, English or Italian film? Personally, I do not think it makes the faintest difference except to the unfortunate individuals whose jobs require them to compile at each year's end a list of the ten best American and ten best foreign films.

What does make a difference, however, and one of incalculable consequence, is that movie audiences of the world will in the coming years be exposed as never before to these vast international projects as well as to the importation of an increased number of films strictly indigenous to the countries of their origin. In a time when the continued existence of civilization rests largely upon better communications and increased understanding among all people, we have by singular good fortune acquired the long-sought universal language. And availing themselves of this language we have a new breed of producers, authors, and directors who have achieved unprecedented freedom along with the competence and, let us hope, the courage to speak to a world audience of the common needs, the common faith, and the common hopes of all mankind.

Global Revolution

Continued from page 19

will take his chances on quality primarily.

How upsetting, in a way, to find that *Sansho the Bailiff*, made by the late and great Japanese director, Kenji Mizoguchi in 1954 (and shown here for the first time at the Museum of Modern Art) is an important a film as the same director's classic *Ugetsu.* No one had the nerve before to take a chance on audience recognition of its worth. But on the film exhibitor's side, it should be said a great many foreign film-makers have an exaggerated idea of the box-office riches to be mined in this country, and hold out for ridiculously large advance guarantees that would make any importer, if he paid them with any regularity, a pauper very quickly. The system needs drastic revision, and foreign film importers, many of them devotees of good film-making privately, have the intelligence, if not the will, to do it.

I was privileged to overhear three young people seated behind me at one of the showings talking about the "cultural lag" of the film critics. Audiences, by the way, had a prevailingly youthful cast, and a rather unsettling (to the critic) knowledgeability. These three behind me thought certain of the films a little too advanced for the critics. One of their favorites was Leopold Torre Nilsson's *The Terrace.* Another was Luis Bunuel's *The Exterminating Angel.* Speaking as a member of the audience, and not as a critic, I must confess that I didn't care for either film particularly, and their comments gave me pause, so to speak. Was I out of step? Had slow ossification of the critical faculties been setting it? I rationalized the problem by ascribing to their taste the enthusiasm of youth. *The Terrace* dealt, after all, with rebellion among young people in Argentina; loathsome even as Torre Nilsson viewed them, perhaps the youthful members of the audience saw something with which to identify.

Bunuel's *The Exterminating Angel* I viewed for the second time (it was shown at Cannes in 1962) and found no reason for thinking it better now than I did then. It seemed to many hardly the best choice for opening the festival, since it was not the director's best, and remained rather leadenly cryptic to the end. "For God's sake," an acquaintance said as I left the hall, "what did it mean?" Not being privy to Bunuel's interior symbolism, I couldn't help him much—for how does one account for the presence of a bear and a flock of lambs wandering around in a mansion, in which the guests at a dinner party find it impossible to leave?

Toward the close of the festival, Alain Resnais' new film, *Muriel,* came along, and posed even more perplexing questions as to its meaning. But here the audience was faced with undeniable film-making authority, and there was a hesitancy to pronounce judgment on just one viewing. Archer, of the *Times,* found many who thought it should have been shown twice. Those puzzled to the point of antagonism by the director's relentless pursuit of his own ways thought once was easily enough.

This, by the way, could be called the director's festival, so closely was the policy of the director as the film's "author" adhered to—several directors made their bows from the stage prior to the showings of their films, invariably introduced by the polite, tolerant Richard P. Leach, the "executive director of programming." Each who made his brief appearance received his generous applause, no matter how little known he was in this country. On the other hand, it should be mentioned that a great many *did* know such people as Adolphus Mekas (*Hallelujah the Hills*), Joseph Losey, and Jacques Baratier (*Sweet and Sour*). Losey, who left this country for reasons of political and economic health during the McCarthy era, was back after making his career in Europe. He announced that *The Servant* was the first film he had made that was finished to his satisfaction without interference or editing by producers. Some of those who applauded the statement wondered afterward if his study of moral decadence in Britain shouldn't have been cut somewhat, brilliant as the film was.

But a few days later, the Museum of Modern Art, when it showed *Lola*

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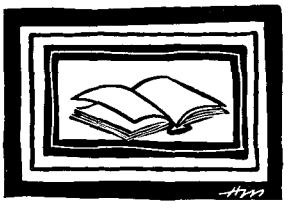
Montes, the last film of the late Max Ophuls, dramatically demonstrated how a fine film could be mutilated by so-called re-editing. It was shown here a few years ago in a ninety-minute version that impressed no one. Restored to its full length, the film took its rightful place as a handsome screen achievement.

There was much discussion, pro and con, about the choices for festival showing made by Richard Roud, who assembles the annual British Film Institute "festival of festivals." Why, it was wondered, bring in so inferior a movie as Jean-Pierre Melville's *Magnet of Doom*, or allow Robert Frank's *O.K. End Here* to be shown with the generally more accomplished examples of film-making? Mr. Roud might justify choices such as these on the grounds that the festival was exploring trends, but this had already been done here for years by Amos Vogel with his Cinema 16. Allow the meretricious to appear with the good, and it casts an unpleasant shadow on the others. A little first-rate Hollywoodism might have leavened the prevailing tone of self-conscious avant-garde expression.

Nevertheless, nothing dimmed the feeling of discovery that came upon the showing of *In the Midst of Life*, an astonishingly good evocation not only of the Bierce stories, but of Civil War atmosphere. It was the work of a young Frenchman, Robert Enrico, and only one part of the triptych was scheduled for commercial release here. The success of the festival showing will probably make the release of the full film mandatory.

Amos Vogel, a member of the New York festival committee, was primarily responsible for bringing in so many previously neglected short films. Several of these were minor hits in themselves, notably *Allegro ma Troppo* from France, *Atget* by an American, Harold Becker, *The Play*, from Yugoslavia, and *Cybernetic Grandmother*, from Czechoslovakia. No matter how closely the movies are followed here, it is impossible to get an idea of the best in short films; the festival helped close this gap.

A remarkably unstuffy atmosphere pervaded the festival as a whole, for censorship of any and all kinds was eliminated. The beautiful hall was obviously not regarded as hallowed, and is accepted notions of good taste were violated from time to time on the screen, the sense of freedom was not.



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EXECUTIVE/ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT seeks opportunity utilizing special abilities in evaluating potential of situations and people, public relations ideas, organization, adaptable. Broad experience internationally and nationally in government, business, advertising, fund raising. Box E-413.

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CALIFORNIA JOBS! Tell us field you want; we'll mail listings postpaid. Send $2 to California Employment Directory, 582 Market, San Francisco 4.

WANTED—MAN FRIDAY (secretary-aide) to gentleman presently in NYC. Single man around 45. Minimum secretarial duties. Winters on Florida estate, summers north or traveling. Must have suitable rearing, taste, and education to enjoy and appreciate quiet, formal and refined living. Unselfish and serious personality. Send resume, telephone, and, most important, recent snapshots. Box E-275.

INDEPENDENT EDUCATIONAL research library in Southern California college community needs a librarian. Established library; new building under construction. Box E-263.

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(Continued on page 70)

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(Continued from page 69)

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

SOUTHERN VERMONT—Houses, acreage for skiing or retirement. Harold W. Ross, Bondville, Real Estate. 802-824-5457.

REDDING, CONNECTICUT—L-shaped ranch on 6 acres partly wooded. Valley view. 4 bedrooms, 2½ baths, fireplace, walnut paneling, walk-out basement, owner. Box E-283.

CARROLL COUNTY, MARYLAND—Brick mansion, built 1844, in excellent condition; two additional houses and 26 acres. Formal garden. Marble fireplaces by sculptor Reinhart. Billingslea Real Estate, 301-TI 8-4090 Westminster, Maryland.

VERMONT COUNTRY PLACES in Arlington, Shaftsbury, Sandgate area. Herbert Douglas, Arlington, Realtor, 375-2215.

LAKE STEVENS, WASHINGTON. Ideal for retired person or couple. Privacy without isolation. Extraordinary view, beautiful lake, Cascade Mountains. Cool summers, mild winters. Contemporary. 4 rooms. $17,800. Box E-405.

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For Rent—Furnished

SIASCONSET, NANTUCKET—Fully furnished, heated year-round house, 5 rooms, 2 baths, fireplace, modern kitchen. Beautiful view overlooking moors. Totally private but not isolated. Garage, but car unnecessary. Available October-June or partial to writer, artist, at fraction summer rental. References. Box E-255.

SMALL, MODERN HOMES, completely furnished for comfortable living in Arizona's mild winter, at CAVE CREEK RANCH, 62 miles northwest of Douglas, Arizona. Secluded in foothills of Chiricahua Mountains; specially attractive for birders, photographers, nature lovers. Open all year. Write CAVE CREEK RANCH, Portal, Arizona.

WINTERING IN CALIFORNIA? Fully furnished oceanfront sleeps six. Week or month. Box E-103.

FLORIDA OCEANFRONT COTTAGE near St. Augustine. November-March, $750. Write Thomas Graham, Office Registrar, University Florida, Gainesville.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

"UNIQUE!" 15 1-acre plots in Wilderness Community of Friends and like-minded people back of two hundred foot strip of common land along shore of unspoiled lake. Several cottages also. Write Kenneth B. Webb, Plymouth Union, Vermont.

INCOME PRODUCING PROPERTY—Keene, New Hampshire. 2-story building used mercantile and dwelling purposes. Store on first floor presently rented. Spacious, separate 7-room apartment second floor. Garage. Adjacent lot also available for purchase. Details, contact Attorney Harry C. Lichman, Keene, N.H.

VERMONT SKI AREA—Country home. Needs repairs. $2,650. Other listings. Clyde Hastings, Broker, Windsor, Vermont.

CAMPS

VENI, VIDI: My boy (girl) will be in an "ideal" camp. Now is the time to write, visit. Appel Farm Art & Music Center. Elmer 2, New Jersey.

RETIREMENT LIVING

RETIREMENT HOTEL with the finest to offer in year-round living, low rates. The Manor Retirement Hotel, Asheville, North Carolina.

VACATIONS

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SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath: free swimming pool: family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1539

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Filthiness.	31 156 58 46 107 113 135 70
B. Ancient legendary king whose capital was Mycenae.	200 139 55 45 25 182 82 9 28
C. Famous portal whose ruins in Mycenae were revealed by Schliemann, 1874-6 (2 wds.).	74 137 158 115 54 171 99 183
D. Brünnhilde and her sisters.	123 15 184 24 38 64 57 89 71
E. Nominally (2 wds.).	154 60 133 119 164 143
F. Whom the Jolly Miller cared for.	101 77 36 129 112 134
G. Dire descriptive threat several years ago in some of the "fear advertising" of deodorants (comp. after "don't be").	88 27 39 7 173 145 51 190
H Answer to old riddle as to where and how to see the Empress of China (2 wds.).	76 124 187 155 148 18
I. Proportion bet. claims payments by an insurance company and premiums received during a given period (2 wds.).	75 192 10 14 5 178 188 175 81
J. Instrument for ascertaining the personal equation of an observer (astronomer's word).	91 149 29 194 72 65 11 4 56
K. Highest peak in Europe (2 wds.).	16 152 106 37 68 94 125 165 181
L. Shrimplike decapod crustaceans from one inch to two feet long.	193 85 140 19 98 130
M. Precisely this (2 wds.).	49 118 116 96 185 41 90 103
N. Progeny.	150 47 191 3 161 78 117 20
O. Deputy ruler, second only to the Nizam in Mogul government.	120 44 12 40 168
P. Certain derivatives from the naphthols, important in the manufacture of dyes (2 wds.).	8 13 170 108 26 52
Q. Phoenician god of healing (from their word meaning *fat one*, in case you've been brushing up on your languages!).	102 144 142 177 86 151
R. Crucial and bloody battle, 1513, in which English defeated Scots and their King James IV (2 wds.).	195 128 21 147 66 43 138 84 35 111 22 114
S. Panegyric.	69 59 172 201 109 95 83 32 197
T. Cursive form of the Syriac, prevailing in 4th and 5th cents.	122 186 121 160 73 48 42 136 131 153 127
U. Twenty - thousand - foot peak in S. Peru, with important meteorological station (sounds like beginning a modern dance!)	63 105 97 166 189 17 30 146
V. In comparison with (something under discussion; 2 wds.).	126 110 132 162 79 198 100 6
W. Adverb denoting surprise, concession, incredulity.	23 62 92 174 180 34
X. Left out; neglected.	50 87 61 104 176 33 159
Y. The margosa (2 wds.).	93 67 196 157 1 169 199
Z. Smallest of the four main islands of Japan.	141 167 80 179 2 163 53

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 Y	2 Z	3 N	4 J	5 I	6 V		7 G	8 P	9 B	10 I	11 J		12 O	13 P	14 I		15 D
	16 K	17 U	18 H		19 L	20 N	21 R		22 R	23 W	24 D	25 B	26 P		27 G	28 B	
29 J	30 U	31 A	32 S	33 X	34 W	35 R	36 F	37 K	38 D		39 G	40 O	41 M	42 T	43 R		44 O
45 B	46 A	47 N	48 T	49 M		50 X	51 G		52 P	53 Z	54 C	55 B	56 J		57 D	58 A	
59 S	60 E		61 X	62 W	63 U	64 D	65 J	66 R	67 Y	68 K	69 S	70 A		71 D	72 J	73 T	74 C
75 I		76 H	77 F	78 N	79 V	80 Z	81 I	82 B		83 S	84 R		85 L	86 Q	87 X		88 G
89 D		90 M	91 J	92 W		93 Y	94 K	95 S		96 M	97 U	98 L	99 C		100 V	101 F	102 Q
103 M	104 X	105 U	106 K	107 A	108 P	109 S		110 V	111 R		112 F	113 A	114 R		115 C	116 M	117 N
	118 M	119 E	120 O	121 T		122 T	123 D	124 H	125 K		126 V	127 T		128 R	129 F	130 L	131 T
	132 V	133 E	134 F	135 A	136 T	137 C	138 R	139 B		140 L	141 Z		142 Q	143 E		144 Q	145 G
146 U	147 R		148 H		149 J	150 N	151 Q	152 K		153 T	154 E	155 H	156 A		157 Y	158 C	
159 X	160 T	161 N	162 V	163 Z		164 E	165 K	166 U	167 Z		168 O	169 Y	170 P	171 C	172 S	173 G	174 W
	175 I	176 X		177 Q	178 I	179 Z	180 W	181 K		182 B	183 C		184 D	185 M	186 T	187 H	
188 I	189 U	190 G		191 N	192 I	193 L		194 J	195 R		196 Y	197 S		198 V	199 Y	200 B	201 S

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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